POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED · BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

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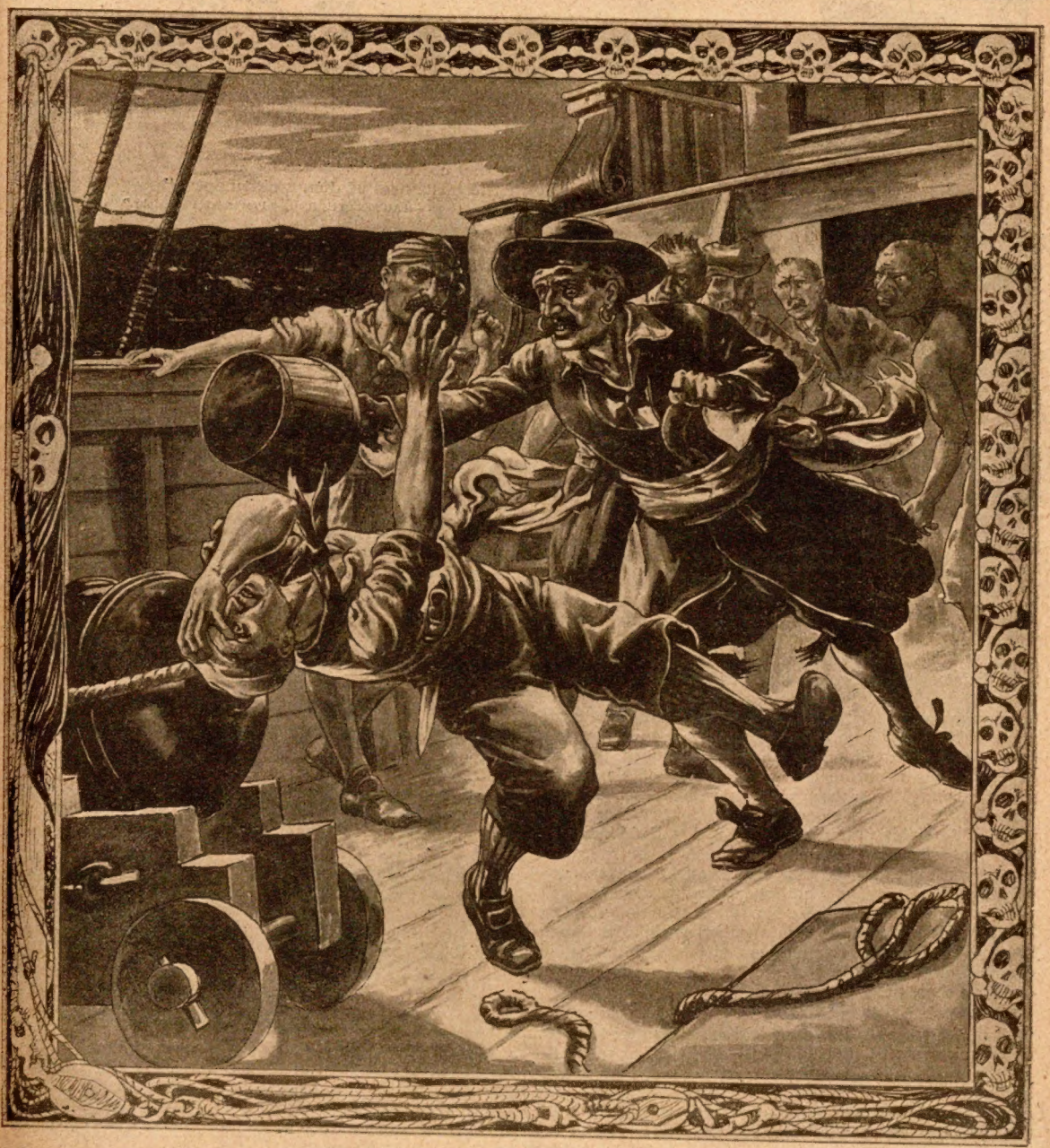


CAPTAIN KIDD CORRECTED HIM BY BANGING HIM OVER THE HEAD WITH AN IRON-BOUND BUCKET.

Vol. V. No. 56.

"Shall not the scourge of Justice lash that cruel coward
Who mingled the gall of ingratitude with the bitterness of disappointment?"
—MARTIN TUPPER, "Proverbial Philosophy."

PART I.

SOMEWHERE about the middle of the seventeenth century there was born near Greenock, in Scotland, one William Kidd. From his speech in after life it is probable that he received more than the ordinary education given in those days, and later, when he was a well-grown boy, he took to the sea. In his chosen profession he seems to have prospered, for in 1689 we hear of him as a captain of a privateer during the war with France. The West Indies and their neighbouring seas formed the hunting ground of Captain Kidd, and the losses which he inflicted on the enemy were considerable. His knowledge both of seamanship and gunnery were extensive, and the general in command of the expedition in those parts saw fit to bring Kidd's name before the General Assembly of New York, recommending his protégé as a brave and capable commander.

The Assembly passed a resolution that Kidd deserved to be rewarded for his eminent services in guarding the State against enemies and pirates and voted to him the sum of £150, in those days a not inconsiderable amount.

On the strength of this handsome donation Captain William Kidd wooed and won a widow named Mrs. Sarah Oort, the relict of a seafaring man, and established her in a commodious house in New York. He then returned to sea for a short time.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries "those that went down to the sea in ships" had more than the dangers of the elements to contend with. The courses sailed by all the wealthy merchant vessels were infested by pirates and buccaneers who thought little of slaughtering an entire crew and pillaging the ship, when if it was better than their own they annexed it, but if worse they burnt the craft. More than this, the high seas were sailed by a large number of private men-of-war, or privateers, who bore letters of marque permitting them to make war on and capture any ships belonging to hostile countries. Kidd had made many voyages to the East, and started on another with a view to getting an accurate knowledge of the haunts of the piratical craft, which he did and then returned to America, where he took up politics, and figured in the elections.

But the sea calls those who have ever paid the homage of their youth to her, and Captain Kidd could not remain ashore, in spite of his wife and comfortable home, so he

Wooed and won a widow.

obtained command of a brigantine called the "Antigoa," and set sail for England.

While the gallant captain was on his way to the Mother Country, a change had taken place in the Governorship of

New York. The Earl of Bellamont was appointed to replace Mr. Fletcher, the existing Governor, but though nominated to the office he had not received his commission when Kidd sailed up the Thames and dropped anchor in the river, then a clean, rippling waterway, unpolluted by sewage or refuse from factories.

While waiting to receive his actual orders to proceed to the New World, Lord Bellamont thought that he might make some sort of a reputation for himself if he took up the question of the pirates and corsairs, who were seriously threatening trade with foreign countries, and to this end he petitioned Parliament to despatch a frigate to guard the interests of Great Britain, and to destroy as many of the hordes of marauders who preyed on the well-laden cargo vessels as it could. Just then our navy was fully occupied in looking after the French, and the earl was told that, though it was impossible for the Government to lend a battleship for the purpose, the enterprise was one which was highly commendable, and any private persons who aided in the suppression of piracy would deserve well of their country.

Then it was that Lord Bellamont invited the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Chancellor Somers, and the Earls of Romney and Oxford to join him, as well as a commoner named Robert Livingston, the founder of the family which later achieved such fame. These persons formed a syndicate for the purpose of equipping a vessel to go pirate-hunting, and between them subscribed £6,000. Having got the money, the next thing was to buy a vessel and to find a competent captain for her.

Livingston was acquainted with Kidd and proposed that he should be placed in command of the cruiser or "police vessel," and introduced the expert on piracy to Lord Bellamont, with the result that articles of agreement were drawn up appointing Captain William Kidd commander of a galley, which had been purchased, named "The Adventure." Two commissions were also obtained for him by the efforts of Lord Somers; the one authorising him to capture and punish pirates, and the other granting letters of marque as a privateer against the French.

In a very short time Kidd gathered together a crew of seventy men, and with these he sailed, although his agreement stipulated that he should have a complement of one hundred to man and fight the ship. New York was his first port of call. On the way thither he picked up a French fishing smack and bore it in triumph to New York, where it was sold and the proceeds were used to victual the "Adventure" for her next cruise. Whether Kidd had the right to take the whole of the money obtained for the prize is a moot point, since his agreement only allowed him one-fifth of all booty, the remainder to go to the syndicate of peers, etc.

Two months were occupied in New York furbishing up the galley and getting together the full complement of the crew. The latter task was easy, for Kidd had more offers of service than he could accept, and when he did hoist his sails and beat down the Sound he had a hundred-and-fifty-four seamen with him—mostly adventurers who were only too glad to get a chance of making a little booty.

THE CAPTAIN WAS MADE TO WALK THE PLANK.

Thus Kidd found himself fitted out with a nice little vessel of thirty-four guns and a practical crew, every one of whom we believe was as unscrupulous as himself. He had studied pirates and their ways, but he had not done so with a view to exterminating that very flourishing business. No; he thought fit to desert the syndicate and turn corsair himself, feeling assured that there was much more profit to be made by taking all the booty, and paying his crew, than by receiving only one-fifth of the spoils which might fall into his hands.

Off then he went to the Indian Ocean, for his former investigations round the coast of India and Madagascar had assured him that there were few richer prizes than well-stocked East Indiamen, bringing gold and jewels and rich stuffs back to Europe. For a short time he had great good fortune round the Eastern seas, and he pillaged many a comely barque and stately liner, always salving his conscience with the proposition that they were "the property of other nations and that he held letters of marque."

Sinister reports began to reach the British Government of the doings of the Captain, and the rumours greatly dis-

Making himself agreeable.

quieted the peers who had provided the ship in which the bold buccaneer was seeking fortune for himself, and they wondered when they would ever see their £6,000 again. Instructions were therefore sent to the commanders of the various men-of-war stationed in those waters to seize the "Adventure" on the very first occasion and bring Kidd back to London for trial.

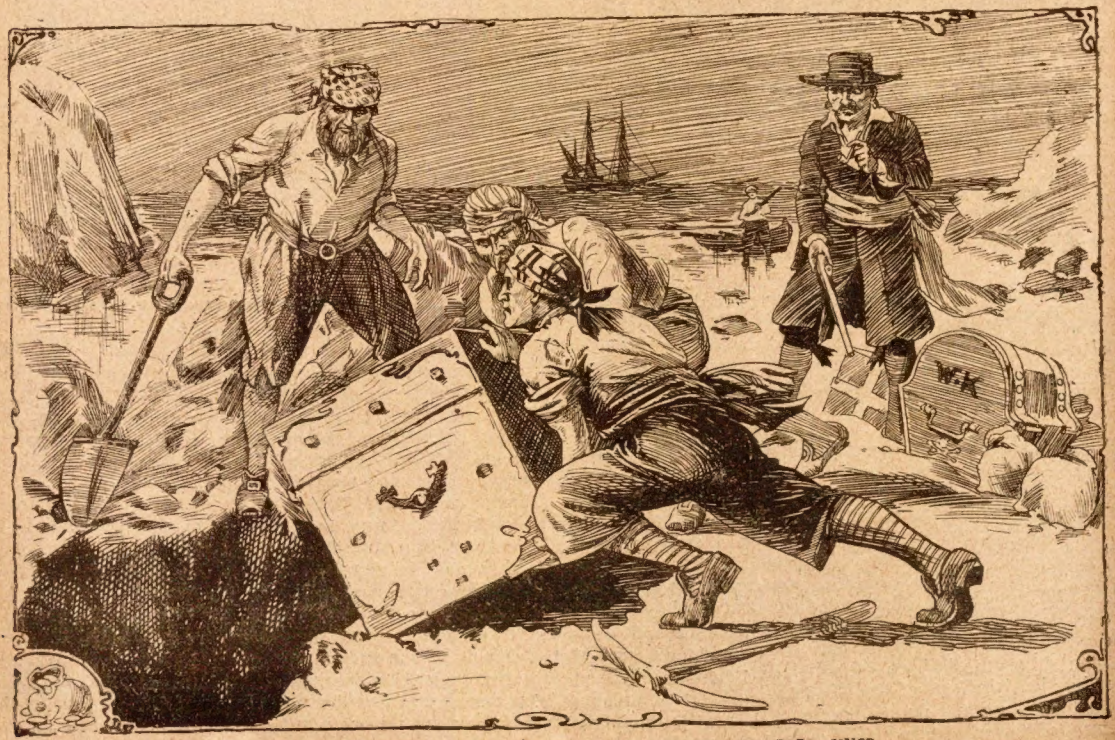
News travelled slowly during those troublous times, for there were no telegraphs, no regular post, and no Suez Canal, so it was nearly a year before the accusation reached home and a like period before the captains of the Royal Navy received the command of the Lords of the Admiralty. But in the meantime Kidd had not been idle. He had plundered many fair vessels and destroyed them, but none of the charges were easily proved, for dead men tell no tales. One day, however, he lost his temper with the gunner of his galley, a man named William Moore, and he corrected him by banging him over the head with an iron-bound bucket. Moore died, and his two friends, Bradinham, the doctor, and Palmer, a mariner, became mortal enemies of their skipper.

Having gathered the contents of several "buggalows," or native craft, into his net on the Indian coast, Kidd turned the prow of his galley towards the coast of Madagascar, where he fell in with a fine merchantman, the "Queddah Merchant," of 400 tons burthen—nearly double the size of his own little galley—commanded by an Englishman, but having a Moorish crew. This vessel he attacked and soon reduced to submission, when he transferred his crew to her, hoisted his flag, and, having burnt the "Adventure," set sail for the Western Ocean again. What befell the unfortunate master and crew of the captured ship has not been disclosed but it is probable that the captain was made to walk the plank (a favourite practice among buccaneers of those days) and the rest also never lived to tell the tale.

Up to now, be it remembered, Kidd was nominally bound by his indentures to the syndicate, but after this act of flagrant piracy he coolly informed them that he had been forced by his crew, at the muzzle of the pistol, to turn pirate, and, therefore, broke with them.

Off to the West Indies he went, gathering a small harvest of prizes by the way, which he shared with his crew, retaining forty shares for himself out of every hundred, and generally profiting by his career as a freebooter.

So serious did the marauding expeditions of Captain Kidd become that again it was suggested to send out an expedition to capture the supposed "capturer of pirates," and bring him to justice. As each vessel reached the



BURYING THE TREASURE, WHICH HAS BEEN SEARCHED FOR EVER SINCE.

Thames after its long voyage from India, fresh accounts of the outrages committed by the buccaneer were reported, till at last even Bellamont, who had been apprised of the adventures of his "skilled captain," began to lose faith in him. Still he was loth to betray his hand, and wrote that he hoped that the statements that Captain Kidd had been forced by his unruly crew to commit piracy on the high seas were true, for he trusted that the worthy man would not do so of his own accord.

While this correspondence was going on the "Queddah Merchant" reached the West Indies, and put into St. Thomas for provisions, but the residents there had heard of the Captain's fame, and flatly refused to allow him even to come to an anchorage in their roads. Several other ports he tried, with a view to refitting, but at all he was regarded as an outcast, and it was not till he reached an outlying port named Mona, between Puerto Rico and Hispaniola, that he was able to obtain the necessary equipment and food for his vessel.

There he met an Englishman, named Button or Bolton,

Beseeching the peer to protect him.

who used his kind offices in seeing that the vessel was properly refitted and that the crew were provisioned sumptuously. Bolton and Kidd seem to have got on very well together, for the former was frequently on board the captured vessel, making himself agreeable to the crew and officers. Then he proposed that as matters were a little dangerous for Kidd in New York, he should purchase from him a sloop called the "St. Antonio," and go to reconnoitre the position, while he (Bolton) would look after the "Queddah Merchant."

Kidd agreed to this arrangement, and started off for Delaware Bay in his new purchase. But Bolton was a traitor to his heart's core. No sooner had he seen the Captain's craft hull down on the horizon than he sold the "Queddah Merchant" to the Spaniards and took a passage in a passenger ship to Boston, where he arrived some considerable time before Kidd sighted land. The villain Bolton hurried off to New York to give information that the sloop "St. Antonio" contained the much-sought-after Captain Kidd, and then disappeared to spend the money out of which he had cheated his fellow-freebooter.

Kid ran into Horskills before he proceeded round the Long Island, and there obtained stores, after which he made the best of his way up the Sound into Oyster Bay, where he landed and despatched a message to New York, addressed to James Emott, a lawyer. A day or two elapsed before the solicitor made his appearance, but when he did, Kidd weighed anchor and took him off to Rhode Island, where he told him to go ashore and see Lord Bellamont, with a view to making terms for him. This Emott did, declaring to the Governor that Kidd was not in the least culpable, inasmuch as his crew had revolted and compelled him to take the "Queddah Merchant," greatly against his will, but that when he had captured her he found that she carried French letters of marque, and, therefore, he confiscated the prize, and, since his own vessel was getting leaky, he transferred his crew and belongings on to the better ship. These arguments did not move Bellamont in the least, but when Emott added that the "Queddah Merchant" was lying in a creek in Hispaniola and was worth £30,000, and further stated that Kidd had goods on the sloop to the extent of £10,000, the Governor relented, for he thought he saw a part of his share of the original six thousand pounds on its way back to his coffers.

So he kept the envoy for a couple of days, treated him well, and then despatched the Boston postmaster, one Duncan Campbell, with Emott to interview Kidd and promise him a pardon if he could prove that he was as innocent as Emott had made him out to be.

On board the sloop Kidd told Campbell the same story that Emott had put before the Governor, protesting that he would never have touched the ships if he had not been compelled to do so by his crew, who had all deserted. The postmaster was then put ashore, and Kidd sailed for Gardiner's Island, where Emott left for New York. Gardiner, the proprietor of the island, showed Kidd a certain amount of hospitality, and the pirate asked permission to leave some slaves in his charge till he called for them; he also subsequently left some bales and barrels, which he told the proprietor were for "My Lord," presumably bribes for Bellamont. He then left for Boston; or, rather, he said that that city was his destination.

As a matter of fact, he put into Block Island, where he was met by his wife and a man named Clarke, who had accompanied her from New York. On the island he landed a couple of guns and some barrels and bales of treasure in Tarpaulin Bay. These goods were buried and have been searched for during the last two centuries, but have never been discovered.

Captain Kidd not making his appearance in Boston, Bellamont sent Campbell to him again, this time as the bearer of a very ambiguous letter, to which the buccaneer replied that he would shortly present himself before the Governor. Campbell took back this note, and with it several very valuable jewels as a gift to Lady Bellamont, for experience had taught the corsair that a man is most easily influenced through his wife.

Ten days later Kidd arrived in Boston and went to call on Bellamont, but the latter knew too much about the bold pirate, and received him very coolly, informing him that he would have to present himself before the Council on the 3rd of July. This Captain Kidd did, and was questioned about his cruises. He told the same tale as he had done to Campbell, and asked to be permitted to write out his diary, for the log-book of his ship had been stolen from him by his mutinous sailors. He was permitted to do this, but every time that he was called before the Council and asked what progress he was making, he declared that he was thinking about the matter, and generally it could be seen that he was trifling with Bellamont and his advisers.

Livingston, who, it will be remembered, was implicated in the choice of Kidd, having heard that the freebooter had reached Boston, went off with Campbell to the "St. Antonio," and commenced to secure a certain amount of her cargo for himself. He also called on Lord Bellamont and demanded the return of the agreement between the Earl and Kidd, saying that if he did not return it at once,

Kidd had declared that he would never deliver up the rich "Queddah Merchant." This angered Bellamont, and he thought that he would make a point of securing Kidd before he could dispose of the valuables into which the syndicate was anxious to dip its fingers; so he gave orders for the Captain's arrest.

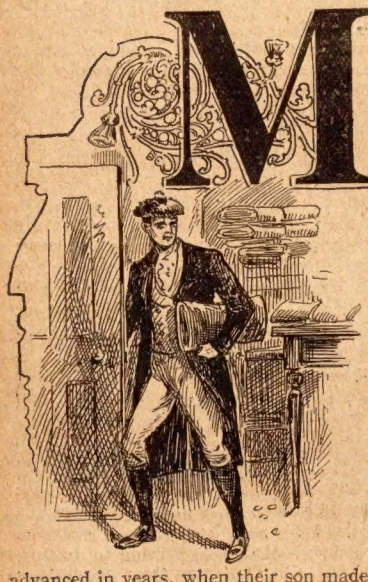
When the constable found his man, Kidd was just outside Bellamont's house, and he rushed in, beseeching the peer to protect him. Bellamont, however, only smiled and ordered that the scoundrel should be placed in irons and lodged in gaol, remarking casually that he knew he had a great deal of gold which might serve to bribe persons.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Eugene Aram of the Far North.

THE GRUESOME MURDER OF MURDO GRANT

"It was a deed
Begot of greed,
At Satan's instigation—
A deed so foul;
A very ghoul
Would quake at its relation."
—ANON., From "The Black Heart."



MEN have prayed to heaven for peace, for happiness, for wealth, for life, for death even, but Hugh Macleod was the only man I ever heard of who prayed for help to murder. Let me tell the story.

In the year 1809 there was born at the croft of Lynmeanach, in the parish of Assynt, which is a wildly picturesque district of the sparsely populated county of Sutherland, a strange and wayward boy, to whom his parents gave the name of Hugh. Those parents of his were a fond and doting pair, well advanced in years, when their son made his first appearance in the world, and little did they then dream in what manner he would make his exit. There had been other children born to them, but Hugh was their only son.

As he grew, he developed a remarkably beautiful countenance, and his limbs became strong and well knit. His father gazed upon him with pride, and a mother's heart was filled with joy at sight of her handsome laddie. Young Hugh Macleod was accounted the best-looking and brightest boy in Sutherlandshire, and that was saying a deal, for Sutherland is a wide county.

His parents were not rich, but Lynmeanach was a good croft, which, as most of my readers must know, is a small farm, and the old folk were fairly prosperous, as prosperity goes in the Northern Highlands.

There can be little doubt about the fact that Hugh was terribly spoilt. For instance, it being considered that the nearest school was at too great a distance for his young legs to tramp, his father engaged a private tutor to live in the little, thatched cottage, and impart to the lad the elements of education. Such a thing had never been heard of among people in the position of the Macleods, but the old people did not care a pin, they pinched, and contrived, and stinted themselves that their only son might be fitted for a brilliant future.

Oh, the irony of it!

For two years Hugh Macleod received private tuition, and then, a new school having been built at a short distance from Lynmeanach, the tutor was got rid of, and the boy was sent to take his place at the desk with the other children of the neighbourhood. He proved an apt pupil, and the father's heart glowed with a stronger pride than ever.

Time passed, and the bonnie youngster, the hope of his parents, grew to be a healthy lad. He possessed an extravagant fancy, and when, in due course, he was placed as a herd with a large farmer of the district, he was accustomed to relate to his astonished fellow-servants the most amazing stories of which he was invariably himself the hero. There can be no denying Hugh Macleod had "a guid conceit o' himsel." But as he grew in stature he declined in grace.

Brought up as he was in the strict Sabbatarian principles of the narrow Presbyterian religion, he became lax in his duties. The Sabbath he devoted to the training of his collies, and he drank, played cards, and roystered with congenial spirits. He was a special favourite with the fair sex, and if report belie him not, there was many a blue-eyed lassie who had good cause to lament her acquaintance with the handsome young shepherd of Assynt.

As years sped, ambition found a place in his soul. A schoolmaster was wanted for the school of Coigach, in the parish of Lochbroom, and Hugh applied. He was then twenty, and of considerable attainments. On the lonely hillsides, while watching his sheep, he had nurtured his natural abilities, and widened the knowledge he had obtained from his tutor and schoolmaster. Backed by the good name of his father, who was looked up to and respected by all who knew him, young Macleod achieved his desire, and was duly appointed to the situation he sought. Alas! however, he could not shake off the habits he had acquired!

His fine figure demanded fine clothes, and the "dominie" got in debt. His amiable qualities were his ruin. He was run after by people in a higher grade of society than himself, and his meagre salary could not keep pace with his expenditure. The social glass had a fatal attraction for him, and at the end of twelve months the school of Coigach was again in need of a master.

Before he lost his appointment, however, he had already stained his hands with crime. The love of dress, which had taken possession of him at an early period, led him to replenish his wardrobe at the expense of a humble shopkeeper. A store in Lochbroom was broken into at the dead of night. Some cloth and a few shillings were missed. Nobody suspected the gay and handsome schoolmaster, and Macleod got off scot free. He hid the cloth in a cairn of stones until the affair had blown over, and then sent it to a tailor and had it made into a suit.

When the prodigal returned to Lynmeanach, the fatted calf was killed. Despite the rumours that had reached his family, Hugh was received with open arms by his parents and sisters. Nevertheless, they could not conceal from themselves the fact that the youth was sadly changed. Debauchery had set its seal upon him.

Without the means to gratify his craving for drink, he planned another robbery. One Sunday he refused to go to church with the others. His father sorrowfully wended his way to the kirk at the head of the rest of the family, praying in his soul for his errant son's reformation. Taking advantage of the absence of his relatives and neighbours, Hugh, by means of false keys, entered the cottages of two old women and stole a couple of pounds. With the money he paid a few trifling debts, and, the balance in his pocket, disappeared.

When the cash was exhausted he returned home. This time, however, there was no killing of the fatted calf. His father met him with the accusation of theft. Hugh stoutly denied his guilt, but the proof was too strong, and ultimately he confessed. With agony in his heart, the old man made restitution to the old women, and the matter was hushed up. There was no repentance on the son's part, notwithstanding his father's and mother's grief and entreaties.

Hugh had embarked on a downward course, and heedlessly held his way.

Overwhelmed with debt and assailed for payment, the young scamp sank lower and lower. The smuggler's still was his frequent resort, and there he drank deep, thinking to drown his cares in the potent spirit. It was useless, however. The fiery liquor maddened him. It brought no solace, and he began to brood over some method by which he might rid himself of the ever accumulating burden that weighed him down.

Highway robbery was the desperate means which suggested itself to his now hardened heart. Partly, perhaps, with the idea of weaning him from his dissipated habits, and of even yet making a man of him, and partly because of that intuitive desire that his son should acquire learning which is so strong in every Scottish parent's soul, old Macleod, at great personal sacrifice, had insisted upon Hugh still pursuing his studies. To those ends the young man attended school. The parish-school system of Scotland, founded by

A boy spoke to Murdo Grant.

John Knox, was then the most excellent mode of instruction throughout the land. The teachers were men of university training, and were capable of great things in the way of education. Even in my own younger days I have seen men of twenty and over preparing for a University course under the eye of a skilful master. Unfortunately, this system has been abolished for the modern School Board, which, in its turn, will soon have to give way for some other, and possibly worse, arrangement. Although Hugh had been master of the small school at Coigach, he was far from being a perfect scholar, as perfection runs in Scotland. He had yet much to learn, and probably more to unlearn.

In spite of his father's wishes, the lad neglected his studies. He absented himself from school for days at a time, and would wander over the moors, thinking out his scheme for paying off his debts and acquiring the money to indulge his evil passions.

At that time, when villages were few and far between in Scotland, those necessaries in the way of clothing which were not manufactured by the industry of the women-folk at home, were principally supplied to the inhabitants by pedlars—men who travelled long distances with packs upon their shoulders. It was upon one of these that Hugh Macleod had his cunning eye.

Wandering by the seashore one day in the direction of Culkin and Drumbeg, he met with Murdo Grant, the pedlar. As usual in country places, Hugh remarked it was a fine day, and so they entered into conversation. As they walked along together they became quite confidential. There was a cottage hard by.

"I'll wager I'll sell something in this house," said the pedlar.

"No, no," replied Hugh; "they're only poor folk there. It won't be worth your while to stop."

Nevertheless, the pedlar persisted in entering, and, as he had foretold, contrived to dispose of some of his stock. The woman, however, had no money to pay for some yards of cotton, so Murdo took a couple of pairs of knitted stockings in exchange.

While Grant was in the cottage, Macleod was plotting how to get the pedlar into his power. He had hardly yet gone so far as meditating murder, but now the horrid thought occurred to him. If he slaughtered the man and concealed the body there would be an end of the matter, for Murdo, being a bird of passage, would never be missed, and, consequently, no inquiries would be made.

When the pedlar rejoined him Hugh became even more affable than ever.

"I should like to see you at my father's house," he said, "and then I might have a chance of getting a bargain from you myself."

"Indeed you would," Murdo returned, "for I like the look of you."

"I might even go so far as to buy things to the extent of a pound or two," observed the younger man.

"Losh me!" exclaimed the pedlar, "that's a lot o' siller!"

"So it is," Macleod replied, "but, you see, I'm going to be married shortly. I'll want some things for the bride as well as for myself."

"Weel, weel," said Murdo, "if that's the case, I'll sell you my whole pack for two pounds."

On parting they made an appointment to meet the following day on the road between Drumbeg and Nedd, the pedlar at the same time promising to tell no one of the arrangement between them, as Macleod wished his purchases to be a surprise to the young lady of his choice.

That evening he retired to his bed, which was in a separate building from the cottage, and there drew out in his black mind every circumstance of his dreadful project.

In the morning he rose, still imbued with his purpose, and, strange to relate, offered up a prayer to the Almighty for pardon for the deed he was about to commit, and for aid to escape detection. This action throws a strange light on the man's mental attitude, but it was not the first time he had sought the intervention of heaven to enable him to evade the consequences of his own misdeeds. It is said of him that, when he prayed for forgiveness for the sins he intended to perpetrate, he never spoke of them directly, that, in fact, he did not take the Creator entirely into his confidence, as it were.

Before he left home he made choice of a weapon with which to carry out his iniquitous design. This was a mason's hammer, with a heavy wedge-shaped head, and a long handle, which would enable him to wield it with enormous power. In order to conceal it he donned his father's long overcoat, and, thus arrayed, he sallied forth to meet his victim. Murdo Grant and he had agreed to meet at twelve o'clock, but that he might make trebly sure, and at the same time to pretend to his people that he was going to the school at Nedd, he set out at a much earlier hour, and spent the morning in a cave at Loch-na-Darroch.

About one o'clock, looking out from his place of concealment, he saw the pedlar trudging along on the opposite side of the loch. He was about to walk round to meet him, when he noticed a boy approach and speak to Grant. This caused him to shrink back into the cave again, where he remained till Murdo was once more alone. In a short time the two met and cordially shook hands, passing on together in the direction of Nedd. On their way they stopped at a churchyard and sat down on a grave to rest. In that solemn spot no compunction seized upon Macleod's mind. The silence of the cemetery never shook his soul. He was as cool and determined as ever.

Sitting there, in the presence of the dead, Hugh at length persuaded his companion to accompany him across country toward Lynmeanach, under the pretence of buying the whole pack at his father's house, and, shouldering Murdo's heavy bundle, they marched on their way. At Loch-na-Gorne a halt was made, and Macleod debated with himself whether or no to do the deed there and then, but a wave of hesitation

passed over him, and again they started on their fatal journey, Grant resuming his pack.

By-and-by they reached Loch Tor-na-h-eign, a lonely, sequestered sheet of water, the very place for a crime of blood.

Macleod gave a furtive glance around.

Grant noticed it.

"What are you looking at?" he asked.

Without a word the young wretch drew forth the concealed hammer, swung it aloft, and struck the pedlar a terrific blow on the left temple. Grant went down like a pole-axed bullock, and, in a frenzy of excitement, Macleod continued to shower stroke after stroke upon the head of his victim. The pedlar never uttered a cry, and ere yet the breath was out of his body, he was cast by the murderer into the still waters of the lake. Before this was accomplished, however, the ruffianly assassin had rifled Grant's pockets of their contents.

Fearful lest the body should rise again and betray him, Macleod now placed a large stone upon the corpse, but it rolled off, and the trembling murderer caught the dead man up in his arms and waded with his ghastly burden as far into the loch as he was able. There he flung it from him, and staggered back to dry land alone.

Half dazed, he stood there, gazing at the great gouts of blood upon the stones, and as he did so, conscience asserted itself. The brand of Cain was on his brow, and he knew not whither he should flee to escape the consuming demon that was already tearing at his vitals. Man's first instinst is self-preservation, and to achieve this Hugh piled up turf upon the accusing rock. That done, he washed the blood from his hands, and closely scrutinised his clothes, that no tell-tale stains might speak out against him. The pack he hid in a cairn, and then counted his terrible gains. They amounted to ten pounds, a goodly sum to the debt-laden youth.

But what was the incubus of debt to him now compared with the weight of guilt upon his soul? He fled from the accursed spot, and took his way towards Nedd, where the school he attended was situated. Thence he walked home, and by that time there was nothing in his appearance or manner to suggest the tragedy which lay so heavily upon his conscience. There was little sleep for him, however, that night. Would he ever sleep again? he wondered.

Next morning he arose, had breakfast, and went to school. Afterwards, he paid some of his more pressing debts, and in the public-house sought relief from anxiety in the whisky which had lured him to his desperate crime. It was observed that he was in the possession of more cash than was usual with him, but this at the moment aroused no suspicion, for the disappearance of the pedlar had not been proclaimed.

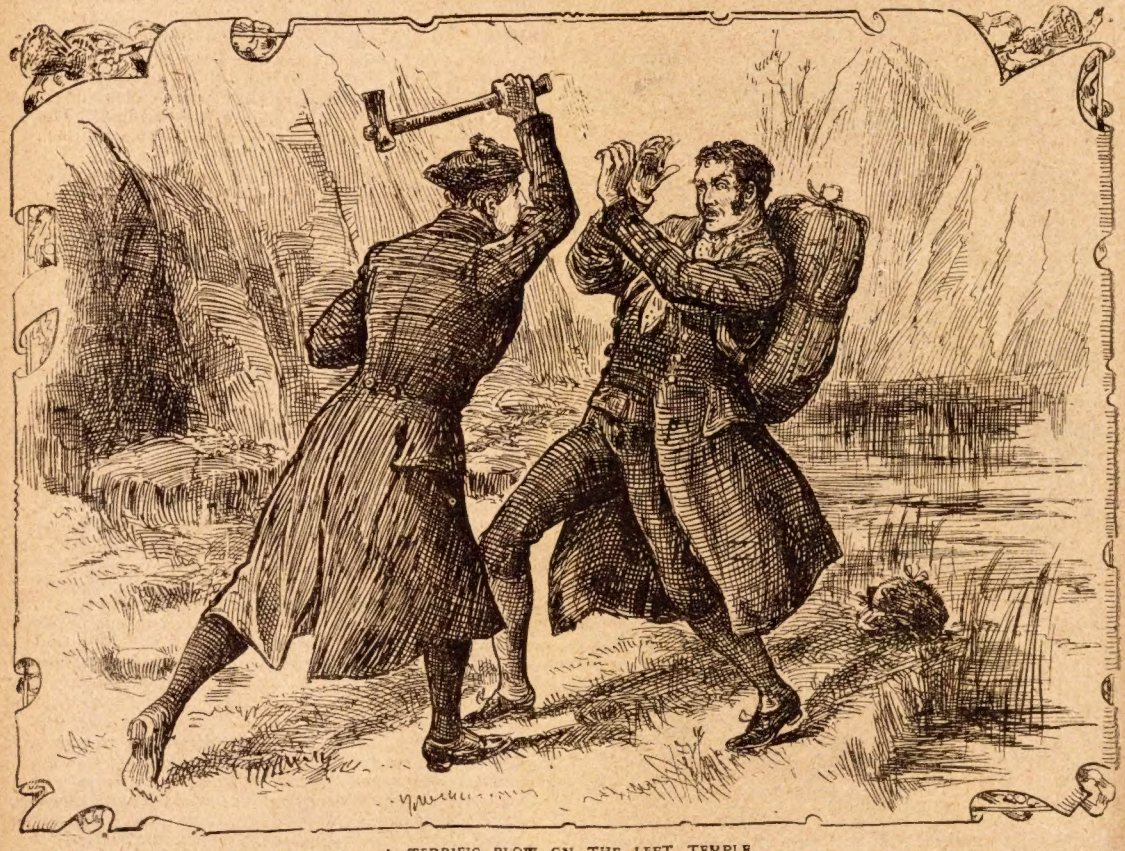
In the evening a restless feeling overcame him, and he was uncontrollably drawn to the scene of the murder. It was his intention to destroy all the things in the pack, but he reserved some silk handkerchiefs and three pairs of stockings. Two pairs were those which the pedlar had received from the widow Mackay the day before his death, but Macleod did not hesitate to wear them.

The days went by, and the murderer grew reckless. He drank more deeply than ever, and in his cups, with a fatuous confidence, displayed the pocket-book he had taken from the body of his victim. Yet horror was ever in his path. Day after day in going to and fro he had to pass the lonely loch where the pedlar lay. It was directly in his way as he went to Nedd in the morning and returned to his home in the afternoon. He could not shut his eyes, and the cold perspiration broke out on his forehead as he glanced fearfully at the water.

Summer was approaching, and as the weather became hotter the lake became more shallow. At last the corpse began to show above the water. Macleod did not dare to touch it. There was terror in the very thought. It looked more like a stone or log than a human body, but one day an inquisitive boy, named John Mackenzie, drew it out, and revealed the awful truth.

The news spread far and wide through the scattered hamlets, and people flocked to the loch to view the remains of the hapless pedlar. Bracing up all his courage, Macleod went with the rest. It was now recalled that Murdo Grant had not been seen for six weeks.

In these parts the minister is always the first communicated with when anything uncommon happens in the parish,



A TERRIFIC BLOW CN THE LEFT TEMPLE.

and to him Hugh Macleod, with a young man named Graham, was despatched with the intelligence. It is well known that peat possesses antiseptic properties which prevents decomposition. The water of Tor-na-h-eign was of a peaty nature, and the body was well preserved. It was generally believed that Murdo Grant had committed suicide, and the wounds on the head were accounted for on the supposition that the pedlar had precipitated himself upon the rocks which skirted the loch. The body of Murdo Grant was thereupon coffined and interred, and the people went to their homes satisfied that all had been done that was proper under the circumstances.

Hugh Macleod began to breathe more freely; but his peace was of short duration. News that a body had been found in Loch Tor-na-h-eign reached the ears of the Sheriff of Sutherlandshire, and he, accompanied by the Procurator-Fiscal, or public prosecutor for the county, with the police and two doctors, set out for the scene of the discovery. The doctors examined the corpse after its exhumation, and declared that a murder had been committed.

Suspicion somehow fell upon Macleod, and the sheriff examined him as to his connection with Grant, and the source from which he had recently obtained so much money. The young man was unprepared with answers to the questions propounded, and made rambling statements. The result was he was arrested, and conveyed to Dornoch. There he was formally committed to take his trial at Inverness. It is a singular circumstance that when lying in Dornoch Gaol he was supplied with whisky through a barred window, which was paid for with some of the money he had taken from his victim, and which was not yet altogether exhausted.

While waiting for his transference to the capital of the Highlands, the murderer had a strange dream. He saw his father digging a grave in a churchyard. When it was finished, the old man turned to him.

"Hugh," he said, "here is your grave; lie down in it immediately, for your hour has come."

The guilty wretch shivered with terror, and his blood seemed to freeze in his veins. At that his father took pity upon him.

"Well, Hugh," he added, in solemn tones, "go for this time until about a year after this, but in much about a year, remember, your coffin will meet you. Mark that—do not forget!"

The vision then faded away.

In fulfilment of this extraordinary dream it must be recorded that when Hugh Macleod was placed on his trial at Inverness on 22nd September, 1830, there were not present a full complement of jurymen, and the case had to be adjourned until the next sitting of the High Court of Justiciary, which did not take place till the 26th of September following.

On that date the murderer was again placed in the dock. This time the body of jurymen was complete, and the trial began. The presiding judges were Lords Moncrieff and Medwyn. In firm tones the prisoner pleaded "Not guilty," and the case proceeded. Slowly and surely the bands of evidence were forged. The stockings were one of the chief stumbling-blocks which the murderer was unable to surmount, and there were many minor pieces of evidence, which, when linked together, drew the chains closer and closer around him.

At midnight the court had not risen, and at that solemn hour, in the dim candle-light, the most remarkable evidence ever submitted before two judges of the land was impressively given.

Kenneth Fraser, known as the "Dreamer," stepped into the witness-box, and thus he testified:

"I was at home when I had the dream in the month of February. It was said to me in my sleep by a voice like a man's voice, that the pack was lying in sight of the place. I got a sight of the place just as if I had been awake. I never saw the place before, but the voice said in Gaelic, 'The pack of the merchant is lying in a cairn of stones in a hollow near to their house.' The voice did not name Macleod's house. When the officer came I took him to the place I had got a sight of. It was on the south-west side of Loch Tor-na-h-eign. We found nothing there, and we went to search on the south-west side of the burn. I had not seen this place in my dream, but it was not far from the place I had seen in my dream that the thing was found. There were five silk handkerchiefs."

The effect of this story may be imagined, told as it was at mirk midnight in a weirdly-lit court-room, amid the breathless silence of the superstitious Highlanders.

Subjected to a rigorous cross-examination, Fraser throughout stuck to his strange story, and would not be shaken.

The grey light of morning was stealing into the court-room when the jurymen retired. They were absent but a quarter of an hour. On their return they brought with them the verdict that had been anticipated by everyone present: "Guilty as libelled."

On hearing this the prisoner burst into a transport of fury.

"The Lord Almighty knows that I am innocent!" he shouted. "I didn't think anyone in this country would be condemned on mere opinion."

Lord Medwyn then pronounced sentence of death in the usual form, adding that the execution would take place on 24th October, at Inverness, between the hours of two and four.

This judge was followed by Lord Moncrieff, who assumed the black cap, and addressed the prisoner in feeling terms, solemnly adjuring him to make his peace with his Creator. He then also read the sentence of the court as already pronounced by Lord Medwyn, and the prisoner was led away to his cell.

After partaking of some refreshment Macleod became calmer, and in a short time confessed all to the worthy clergyman who was shut in with him behind a locked door.

On the afternoon of Monday, the 24th October, 1831, Hugh Macleod expiated his crime on the scaffold. The occasion, like everything else connected with this murder, was most peculiar.

Breakfast was served to the prisoner at nine o'clock, and an hour later his irons were struck off by a blacksmith. When the executioner came in to pinion him and take off his neckerchief he grew pale as death, but submitted without a word.

The place of execution was a flat piece of land near the seaside known as the Longman's Grave.

At half-past one the order came to depart. The procession was formed outside the castle. When Macleod reached the street he gazed wildly at the assembled multitude, but when conducted to his place he became calm. The route lay by Rose Street, or Gallows Street, as it was once called.

Slowly the procession moved forward. In the centre walked the condemned, clad in a black robe, which covered his entire figure. A white cap was on the head, and a halter about his neck, the other end of which was in the hands of the hangman. The minister went first, followed by the magistrates, and a company of Militia acted as escort. As he marched to his doom Macleod read from an open Bible. When he observed the people weeping he called out to them:

"Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves."

When the culprit reached the scaffold a long religious service was held. Then Macleod addressed the crowd. He told them through his interpreter, for he spoke more easily in Gaelic, that it was whisky, women, Sabbath-breaking and card-playing that had brought him to his sad end, and penitently confessed his crime. After that he sang a hymn, and then the drop fell.

A sermon was preached on the evening of the same day by the Rev. Mr. Clark, with reference to the melancholy event, and was listened to by upwards of 3,000 persons, as many more being precluded from hearing it by reason of lack of room. Copies of it, I believe, are still extant, both in Gaelic and English.

It is long since I heard the story of Hugh Macleod, but it deeply fascinated me in my boyhood, and it will be told for many a day to come round the firesides of the Far North.

The Poet Savage and the Judge.

WHEN Savage, the poet, was indicted for the murder of his companion in a midnight brawl, the judge was Justice Page, who was considered to be very severe and also very insolent. Savage used to tell the story that this judge, during the summing up of the evidence, endeavoured to exasperate the jury against the prisoner by this eloquent address: "Gentlemen of the jury, you are to consider that Mr. Savage is a very great man, a much greater man than you or I, gentleman of the jury; that he wears very fine clothes, much finer clothes than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he has abundance of money in his pocket, much more money than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; but, gentlemen of the jury, is it not a very hard case, gentlemen of the jury, that Mr. Savage should, therefore, kill you or me, gentlemen of the jury?" Savage was found guilty, and sentenced to be executed, but afterwards, through the influence of some powerful friends, obtained the King's pardon. Savage revenged himself by lampooning the judge as one "of heart impure and impotent of head," etc., etc.

THE EXTRAORDINARY STORY OF THE CHEVALIER D'EON.

"Woman's at best a contradiction still."
—POPE, "Moral Essays"

CHARLES GENEVIEVE LOUISE AUGUSTE ANDRE TIMOTHEE D'EON DE BEAUMONT was the son of a gentleman of an ancient and respectable family at Tonnerre, in Burgundy, where he was born, October 2, 1728. Although the register of his baptism, which bears date October 5, distinctly states the child to have been a male, some have conceived that the sex was originally doubtful, and that family reasons induced the parents, who had not long before the birth of the chevalier lost their only son, to educate the infant as one of that sex to which nature eventually proved that it belonged. In the early part of his life he was educated under his father's roof, whence, at the age of thirteen, he was removed to the Mazarin College at Paris. He had scarcely finished his studies, when the sudden death of his father, and of an uncle, from whom the family had great expectations, left him doubly an orphan, and threw him on the world dependent on his own exertions for advancement. He was, however, at this period, fortunate in obtaining the patronage of the Prince de Conti, who had long known and esteemed his father, and by the prince's means was introduced to Louis XV., who presented him with a cornetcy of dragoons. Soon after this D'Eon was placed in the office of Mons. Bertier de Savigny, intendant of the generalité of Paris, where he gave great satisfaction to his superiors by the industry and talent he displayed in the office, and gained considerable credit by one or two small publications on finance.

THE CHEVALIER D'EON.
A Facsimile of a Rare Engraving.

In 1755 he was employed under the Chevalier Douglas in transacting a negotiation of the most delicate and important nature at the Court of St. Petersburg, by which, after many years' suspension of all intercourse, a reconciliation was

effected between the Courts of France and Russia. After some years' residence at St. Petersburg D'Eon joined his regiment, then serving under Marshal Broglio on the Rhine, and during the campaign of 1762 acted as aide-de-camp to that celebrated officer. When the Duke de Nivernois came over to England as ambassador to negotiate the peace of 1763, D'Eon appeared as his secretary; and so far procured the sanction of the Government of England that he was requested to carry over the ratification of the treaty between the British Court and that of Versailles; in consequence of which the French king invested him with the order of St. Louis. He had also behaved in the character of secretary so much to the satisfaction of the duke that that nobleman, upon his departure for France, in May, 1763, procured D'Eon the appointment of minister plenipotentiary. In October following, however, the Count de Guerchy, having arrived here as ambassador from the Court of Versailles, the chevalier received orders, or rather was requested, to act as secretary or as assistant to the new ambassador. This, we are told, mortified him to such a degree that, asserting that the letter of recall which accompanied it was a forgery, he refused to deliver it; and by this step drew on himself the censure of his Court. On this, either with a view of exculpating himself, or from a motive of revenge, he published a succinct account of all the negotiations in which he had been engaged, exposed some secrets of the French Court and, rather than spare his enemies, revealed some things greatly to the prejudice of his best friends. Among other persons very freely treated in this publication was the Count de Guerchy, for which D'Eon was prosecuted and convicted in the Court of King's Bench, in July, 1764.

It was but natural that this conduct should draw down the resentment of the Court of France, and the chevalier either feared or affected to fear the greatest danger to his person. Reports were spread, very probably by himself, that persons were sent over here to apprehend him secretly and carry him to France. On this occasion he wrote four letters, complaining of these designs, as known to him by undoubted authority. The one he sent to Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, the second to the Earl of Bute, the third to Earl Temple, and the fourth to Mr. Pitt. Of these personages he requested to know whether, as he had contracted no debt, and behaved himself in all things as a dutiful subject, he might not kill the first man who should attempt to arrest him.

In March, 1764, he took a wiser step to provide for his safety, if there had been any cause for his fears, by indicting the Count de Guerchy for a conspiracy against his life; but this came to nothing, and the chevalier, not having surrendered himself to the Court of King's Bench, to receive judgment for the libel on the Count de Guerchy, was, in June, 1765, declared outlawed. He, however, still continued in England until the death of Louis XV.

About the year 1771 certain doubts respecting his sex, which had been previously started at St. Petersburg, became the topic of conversation, and, as usual in this country, the subject of betting, and gambling policies of assurance to a large amount were effected on his sex; and in 1775 more policies on the same subject were effected. In July, 1777, an action was brought on one of these before Lord Mansfield, for the recovery of £700. The plaintiff was one Hayes, a surgeon, and the defendant Jaques, a broker, Jaques having some time before received premiums of fifteen guineas per cent. for every one of which he stood engaged to return a hundred pounds whenever it should be proved the chevalier was a woman. Two persons, Louis le Goux, a surgeon, and De Morande, the editor of a French newspaper, positively swore that D'Eon was a woman. The defendant's counsel pleaded that the plaintiff, at the laying of the wager, was privy to the fact, and thence inferred the wager was unfair. Lord Mansfield, however, held that the wager was fair, but expressed his abhorrence of the whole transaction. No attempt having been made to contradict the evidence of the chevalier being a woman, Hayes obtained a verdict with costs. But the matter was afterwards solemnly argued before Lord Mansfield, in the Court of King's Bench; and the defendant pleading a late Act of Parliament for non-payment, it was admitted to be binding, by which decision all the insurers in this shameful transaction were deprived of their expected gains. In the meantime the chevalier, who was now universally regarded as a woman, was accused by his enemies of having been an accomplice in these gambling transactions, and a partaker of the plunder. In consequence of repeated attacks of this nature, he left England in August, 1777, having previously asserted in a newspaper his innocence of the fraud, and referred to a former notice, inserted by him in the papers of 1775, in which he had cautioned all persons concerned not to pay any sums due on the policies which had been effected on the subject of his sex, and declared that he would controvert the evidence exhibited on the above trial if his master would give him leave to return to England.

On his return to France, however, we find him confirming the rumours against him, by assuming female dress. In excuse for this we are told that this was not a matter of choice, but insisted on by the French Court, and submitted to on his part with much reluctance.

When D'Eon returned to France he showed no disposition to comply with the wishes or injunctions of his royal master, but continued for some time to wear the military uniform; and it was not till after an imprisonment of some weeks in the castle of Dijon that the apprehension of consequences still more unpleasant, and, on the other hand, a promise of the most substantial marks of Court favour, induced him to assume the female character and garb, which, having once adopted, he ever after continued to support, maintaining the most inviolable secrecy on the subject of his sex to the day of his death. In consequence of this compliance with the pleasure of his Court, the pension formerly granted by Louis XV. was continued, with permission to retain the cross of St. Louis; a most flattering acknowledgment was made of past services, civil and military; and the metamorphosed chevalier was even appointed to a situation in the household of the Queen of France.

In 1785 the Chevalier D'Eon returned to England, and lived on his pension, of which he was at last deprived, in consequence of the French Revolution. In September, 1795, an advertisement appeared, in which D'Eon states that "at the age of 68 she embraces the resource of her skill and long experience in the science of arms to cut her bread with her sword, and, instead of idly looking up for support from those who in their prosperity were her professed good friends, she relies on the liberality of Britons at large to protect an unfortunate woman of quality from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, in a foreign land and in the vale of years." This was nothing more than benefits at Ranelagh, the Pantheon, and other places, where he exhibited his skill in fencing against the celebrated Monsieur St. George, Mr. Angelo, and several others celebrated in that art.

This exhibition was not a source of much profit, and his pecuniary wants becoming every day more urgent, he felt himself necessitated to dispose of his valuable library of books; they were sold by the late Mr. Christie, at the Old Assembly Rooms, Pall Mall. The MSS. brought enormous prices, as did also the various political tracts, some of which were of the most important and interesting nature

The Chevalier D'Eon died May 21, 1810, and was buried at St. Pancras. Mr. Copeland, surgeon, of Golden Square, opened the body, when all doubts subsided as to the sex, which was discovered to be that of a perfect male.

His Last Dying Speech.

IN the year 1738 a man, named George Manley, was executed at Wicklow for murder, and behaved in a strange and fearless manner both on his way to execution and whilst under the fatal beam. Just before he was "turned off" he begged to be allowed to say a few words to the assembled crowd, and, on the request being complied with, spoke as follows: "My friends, you assemble to see—what? A man take a leap into the abyss of death! Look! You shall see me go with as much courage as Curtius, when he leapt into the gulf to save his country from destruction. What will you say of me? You say that no man without virtue can be courageous! You see I am courageous. You say I have killed a man. Marlborough killed his thousands and Alexander his millions. Marlborough and Alexander and many others who have done the like are famous in history for great men. Ay, that's the case—one solitary man. I'm a little murderer, and must be hanged. Marlborough and Alexander plundered countries; they were great men. I ran in debt with the ale-wife; I must be hanged. How many men were lost in Italy and upon the Rhine during the last war for settling a king in Poland? Both sides could not be right. They are great men; but I killed a solitary man—I'm a little fellow. What is the difference between running into a poor man's debt, and, by the power of gold or any other privilege, preventing him from obtaining his right and clapping a pistol to a man's breast and taking his purse? Yet the one shall thereby obtain a coach and honours and titles; the other, what?—a cart and a rope. Don't imagine from all this that I am hardened. I acknowledge the just judgment of God has overtaken me. My Redeemer knows that murder was far from my heart, and what I did was through rage and passion, being provoked by the deceased. Take warning, my comrades; think what would I now give that I had lived another life!"

Alexander Arthur Mackay.

THOUGH ONLY A LAD HE MURDERED HIS MASTER'S WIFE.

"Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time,
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime."
—DRYDEN, "The Cock and the Fox."

THERE was an epidemic of murder in London in the winter of the year 1867, but the most startling crime of all was a savage attack by two boys upon a harmless and defenceless old man. It indicated a new disorder in the social fabric, and showed that the minds of youth were becoming impregnated with the poisonous seeds of older criminals. Time passed, and the incident was forgotten. It was to bear fruit, however, in the following May. Such is the curse of bad example.

Alexander Arthur Mackay, an ill-conditioned lad at all times, had read the story of these boys' outrageous assault with a peculiar interest. For months past he had harboured an unreasoning hatred against Mrs. Grossmith, the wife of his employer, one George Grossmith, who kept an eating-house in Artillery Place, Norton-Folgate. Truth to tell, the woman was not all that an employee could wish. She was harsh, unjust, and, at times, a little spiteful. Moreover, her tongue was querulous, and having a salutary respect for her husband, she was prone to vent her ill-temper upon the young waiter, Alexander Mackay. But if she had her bad points, she had her good ones, too. In her happier humours she was generous, and she could be pleasant. Though she sometimes found fault with young Mackay, and even struck him, yet on occasions she shielded him from his master's anger. She was a good woman in her way, but trying at times. That is the most that could be said against her.

As for Mackay, who thought himself so aggrieved, as much cannot be said. From his childhood upwards he was wilful, deceitful, and lazy. His impulses all lay in the wrong direction. As a child he took a vicious pleasure in petty tyranny and cruelty. Amongst his playmates he was feared and detested, and as he grew up he selected from choice the company of the most evil-minded lads in the neighbourhood. Not only his parents, but the police also, were glad when he left home and took employment with Mr. Grossmith.

With them he was surly from the first. All work was abhorrent to his nature. What he did was mostly unsatisfactory; as often as not he coolly shirked his task. He was for ever standing at the street door, or smoking surreptitiously in the back yard. He was always ready with a lie, and always flared up into a passion when his word was questioned. George Grossmith was naturally an easy-going man, and disliked new faces. Besides, Mackay got into his ways after a fashion. That is the reason that Mackay was kept in his employment for any length of time. And Mackay knew his master's temperament, and traded upon it. He rather pitied him for a fool; and he hated his wife, who understood the lad better, and forgave him less.

Criminals, like anyone else, are to a certain extent the victims of circumstances. With many murderers it has been a case of touch-and-go whether they would end their days on the gallows or die in old age respected and regretted by their friends. A chance thought, an angry word, has prompted the murderous instinct; it has fallen, unhappily, on fertile soil, and, taking root, it grows and flourishes apace. So in part it was with Mackay. At no time did he give any evidence of attaining an honoured old age. But, at least, he might have died without the stain of blood upon his hands if he had not heard of the brutal assault committed by two boys younger than himself, and if he had not associated by preference amongst those depraved classes to whom such a deed savoured of manly spirit.

Their words set him thinking. He valued their esteem more than anything else in life. Mrs. Grossmith angered him at that moment, the thought of vengeance suggested itself, and he asked himself in his own vernacular why he should not "pay her out," as the other lads had "paid out" the old "gent." The idea seemed good; he brooded over it; then in a moment of boasting he confided it to his loose companions, and in their bravado, they, of course, encouraged him. It would be a fine thing, he thought, to compel the admiration of men older than himself. He saw, also, that they doubted his courage to do the deed. This nettled him, as usual. He told them that they seemed to think he was afraid. And then they dared him. He vowed he would. And while professing to believe him, they doubted. In any case, what did it matter to them? And they shrugged their puny shoulders. If he was caught, it was he who would be hanged, and not they. So, with a pat on the back, and a laugh, they left him.

He went home with passion at his heart. He was angered as much with his companions as with Mrs. Grossmith. But as he stepped across the familiar doorway, his courage oozed out of his finger-tips. Mrs. Grossmith, a big, strong woman, was in no humour to be trifled with, and had just discovered another of his delinquencies. She rated him soundly, and feeling cowed, and sick at his own cowardice, he went up meekly to bed. For the next few days he avoided his vicious friends; he feared their ridicule. He wandered about the eating-house abstractedly, got into more trouble than usual, and exasperated hard-working and irritable Mrs. Grossmith almost to fever-point. Yet she was also concerned for the lad. She took an opportunity to tell her husband that she could not understand Mackay, she feared some illness was coming upon him, his appearance was so wild and uneasy. Meantime, Mackay was plotting her murder, and was longing to get it over. Only he had not the courage to attack her.

Mackay also ran foul of his master. He spoilt some ten shillingsworth of goods, and there were words between them. Mackay lied, as usual, and Grossmith told him he was an unconscionable young idler and cheat. When Grossmith left the house, Mrs. Grossmith also upbraided him. She told him she was glad that her husband had found him out at last and that his idleness and roguery would have to cease. Mackay glared at her. Then, when she had left the shop, he seized a knife, meaning to stab her when she returned. But George Grossmith came back at that moment. Mackay became as pale as a sheet. He threw down the knife, ran into the yard, and hid in the coal-hole. But Grossmith had not noticed him. He had forgotten to take money with him, and called out to his wife to know where it was. Mackay heard them talking, and came back to the shop. He listened attentively while Mrs. Grossmith explained how much there was in the house, and where she kept it for safety. Then Grossmith went away again. But Mackay had been too much frightened to attack Mrs. Grossmith that day. He remembered about the money, however.

Next morning, Friday, 15th May, 1868, Grossmith went into the City again. Mackay was, therefore, alone in the house with Mrs. Grossmith and her boy, eleven years of age. The child should have gone to school, but was dawdling about the house. Mackay remarked that he was interfering with the work, and his mother told him not to loiter any longer. He, too, went away. Now was Mackay's opportunity. No one could witness his crime.

Mrs. Grossmith, setting things aright, found a large sack of potatoes hidden away. They had been given to Mackay to peel some time before, and he had shirked doing so. Now they were spoilt. She came into the shop and scolded him, as she had a perfect right to do.

"Stow it!" Mackay said. "I want none o' yer lip!"

"You impudent young scoundrel!" Mrs. Grossmith cried. "How dare you talk to me so?"

"Garn!" said Mackay. "In two shakes I'd rip ye up!"

"Wait till your master comes home!" the indignant woman cried. "You'll not stop another night in this house!"

"Ye're not the boss, anyhow," he retorted. "Bli' me, I'd flay ye alive!"

Provoked beyond endurance by his foul impertinence, she pushed him out of the way, and as he lifted his hand she flicked him with the duster she held. Then she went upstairs.

Mackay had now screwed his courage up to the sticking point. He picked up a rolling-pin and hid it under his coat. When she came down again, she took no notice of him, and she did not reply to a question he asked her. Her back was turned, so he quickly drew the rolling-pin from under his coat and struck her. She staggered. He struck her again. And as she reeled and fell he smote her in the face. She tried to rise from the ground, but slipped back with a groan. She was helpless and in his power. Up to this he had feared her strength. Now he could do as he liked, and the cowardly brute determined to make his crime one of the most ghastly possible.

He revelled in a carnival of blood. An iron rake about four feet long, with a hook at the end, was lying in a corner of the shop. He picked it up and belaboured her mercilessly. He nearly severed her left ear. He tore several inches of the scalp from the head, laid bare half her skull, and tore open her neck and shoulders. Then, putting the rake aside, he took up the rolling-pin again, and, kneeling down, he held her hair, and beat her face into a pulp. He broke her nose, smashed her jaw-bones, split her lip, and left her so that she could not see. He would have gone on with his inhuman work had not the neighbours rushed in. As it was he had accomplished what he desired. He had eclipsed the fiendish assault of two other lads in the winter, and he had done enough to shine as a hero in the vicious circles that he worshipped. The remarkable thing was that the unfortunate woman lived for a few days. When her husband saw her he was unable to recognise her!

At sight of the neighbours Mackay took up his coat, and, muttering that he would fetch his master, he left the house and ran away. And, though covered with blood himself, he managed to elude capture. He owed this to his friends. They were proud of him and helped him. He went to one of them, and washed himself in his house. Between them they supplied him with new clothes, and burnt the old ones. For some weeks he lived in the neighbourhood. Then they passed him on to another gang in Islington, and here he went about openly. His vanity compelled him to seek publicity of a kind. The wonder was that he escaped capture, but his effrontery helped him.

The police were not idle, however, and a large reward was offered for his capture. After a time his photograph was posted up outside every police station in the Metropolis, and further residence in London became dangerous. Besides, his admirers were growing nervous. If detected harbouring him, they would have been liable themselves as accessories after the act. With the latent cowardice of all criminals, they feared punishment, even while they admired vice. So they urged him to go into the country. Mackay was not unwilling. He had had time for reflection. Fear was growing uppermost in his mind. He agreed. And he took the road to Dover.

He was supplied with a little money, and as long as it lasted he behaved himself quietly and respectably. At Rochester he got casual employment, but at the end of four days he quarrelled with his employer, who had engaged him more out of kindness than from necessity. He left the town and went on towards Maidstone. Petty theft seemed very small to him now that he had done a crime of which all the papers had been full. By some perverseness of nature unintelligible to right-thinking men, he prided himself on his exploit, and longed for notoriety. He knew that if he was guilty of theft he ran the risk of imprisonment. But a few weeks, or even a few months, were of slight account to a man whose life must hang on a thread in the future. So he stole food, and sometimes money, whenever he had a chance.

Even now he escaped arrest. And for three weeks he lived in Maidstone without coming under the notice of the police. Then he was seen to lift a parcel out of a cart in broad daylight in a crowded thoroughfare. A passer-by seized him, and he was taken to the police station. He was asked his name, and he gave a false one. It was accepted as true. Brought before the magistrate the next morning,

DREW THE ROLLING PIN AND STRUCK HER.

he was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, and lodged in the Maidstone Gaol. In those days there could be no safer hiding-place for a murderer than in a gaol, under a false name, and convicted of a petty offence. The system of identification was lax. And, again, one does not look amongst the small fry for a whale. The murderer of Mrs. Grossmith was too important a personage in the detective's opinion to be tracked down by other than the most scientific principles. And therein the detective often errs.

But it was ordained that Mackay should atone for his crime, not through the skill of others, but simply by his own vanity. He was like a man with a great treasure he could not utilise. Of what value was it to him to have done the deed that had set all England agog if he could be in no way identified with it? The thought was galling. And now that he was in gaol, at least, he was again amongst the men of kindred spirit to his own. Amongst them, at any rate, he would receive the homage due to a great criminal. For even in crime there are degrees of rank.

Being imprisoned for a misdemeanour, he was put to work with other prisoners, and had opportunities for conversation. He was employed in the carpenter's shop, and his next companion was an elderly man, imprisoned, like him, for theft, but under very different circumstances. This poor fellow, when out of employment, stole a few of the necessaries of life for a sick wife and hungry children. He was no criminal by nature. Crime was abhorrent to him. Necessity drove him to extremes, as it has driven others. That was all.

Mackay was not long working at the bench next him before he endeavoured to convey by sundry hints that he was no ordinary criminal. The elder man paid little attention, and showed no interest. This piqued Mackay's vanity. He went further. He said the police would give much if they really knew who he was, that his prison name was false, and he looked slyly at his neighbour to mark the effect of this statement. The other went on with his work, treating Mackay's remarks with indifference. Mackay, as usual, grew annoyed. He asked him if he questioned his word. And then he whispered to him, with some heat, that he was concerned in the murder of Mrs. Grossmith. His listener said nothing, and the conversation was cut short by the approach of a warder.

For some days Mackay's confidant did nothing. He took what Mackay said as the idle vapourings of a vain and silly youth. And he had his own troubles to dwell upon. But as Mackay continually spoke about the crime, he began to wonder if the young fellow might not be in truth the murderer. The thought troubled him. At last he reasoned out that if Mackay was the murderer he well deserved to be hanged; if not, no harm could be done by repeating the lad's statement to the authorities. And a warder in contact with him being the only one to whom he could speak, he told the man what Mackay had said, and then dismissed the matter from his mind

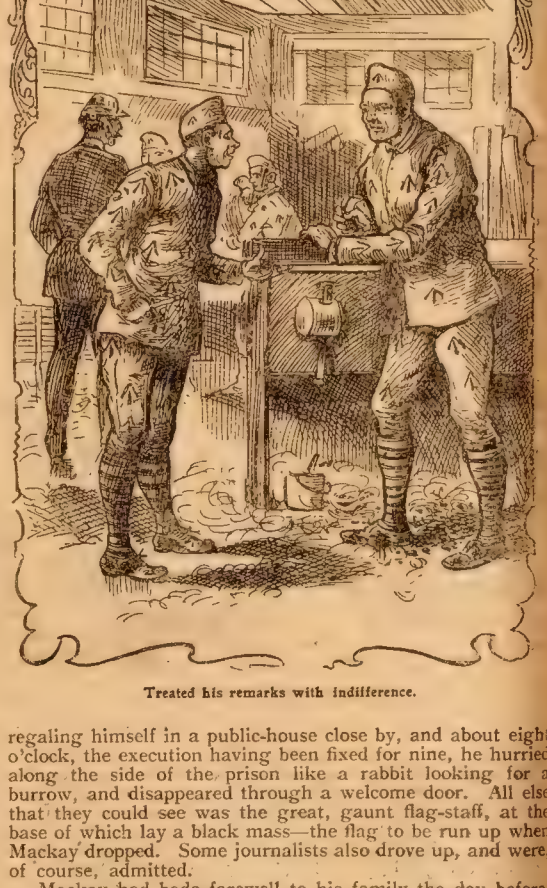
This warder was an intelligent, cautious fellow, and he thought it well to proceed carefully, so he said nothing to Mackay, but secured his photograph and compared Mackay with it.

After close study he came to the conclusion that the resemblance, coupled with Mackay's own statement, was at least sufficient to justify further action on his part. So he went to the governor of the gaol, told him what Mackay had said, what his own suspicions were, and ended by laying Mackay's photograph on the table. As a consequence, witnesses who knew Mackay were sent down from London; he was identified, conveyed back to town, and charged with the wilful murder of Mrs. Grossmith.

He was tried before Mr. Justice Lush, and the jury, in bringing in a verdict of guilty, recommended him to mercy on the ground of his youth. But his crime had been committed with such wanton barbarity that few people felt any sympathy in his case, and the petition in his favour was a small one. During the few weeks left to him of life he expressed contrition for his crime, but it is doubtful whether he really repented. While not excusing it, he offered in mitigation the statement that Mrs. Grossmith treated him with great severity. No severity could, of course, condone a murder. But, far from treating him with absolute unkindness, it is extremely doubtful whether Mrs. Grossmith and her husband had not been too forbearing in tolerating his idleness, prevarication, and trickery for such a length of time. Even at the end he had to make excuses for himself. But it is open to question whether any civilising influence could have redeemed his worthlessness. He was bad by nature.

His execution was the first private one carried out in London after public executions had been abolished. So that he had not even the notoriety he craved so much. Calcraft, who had launched so many into eternity already, was ready, as usual, to do the ghastly job. At this time he was an elderly, white-haired, white-bearded man, and he used to dress in a full suit of black and glossy broadcloth and a shiny chimney-pot hat. He was rather corpulent; his linen was always immaculately clean, and a gold chain and pendants always hung from his chest. He might have been easily taken for a man of comfortable means, for a parochial dignity, or a retired tradesman who had done exceptionally well. But if his general appearance gave this impression, his face, when close to view, was a fit index to his real calling. Not that the man was exceptionally plain-looking. There was, however, an unmistakable blending of callousness and hypocrisy patent at the first glance.

A crowd, small in proportion to the numbers on former occasions, gathered around Newgate on the morning of 8th September, 1868. They came more out of curiosity to see the new condition of things than from any hope that their morbid love of horrors would be gratified. They had the satisfaction, though, of seeing the hangman. He had been



Treated his remarks with indifference.

regaling himself in a public-house close by, and about eight o'clock, the execution having been fixed for nine, he hurried along the side of the prison like a rabbit looking for a burrow, and disappeared through a welcome door. All else that they could see was the great, gaunt flag-staff, at the base of which lay a black mass—the flag to be run up when Mackay dropped. Some journalists also drove up, and were, of course, admitted.

Mackay had bade farewell to his family the day before, and since then he had been in a state bordering on collapse. During the night he had not slept, and it had become a serious question whether it would not be necessary to carry him bodily to the scaffold. All the arrogance had oozed out of him; he was limp with fear. Extraordinary this, that so many murderers can hurl others into the unknown with such heartless brutality, and are themselves such cowards in the face of the inevitable! He was no exception to the general rule. The corridors leading to his cell resembled the wards of a hospital. The cell door was open; the smooth voices of doctors could be heard in consultation inside. Messengers were carrying brandy, sal volatile, and other restoratives to and fro. And in the courtyard, with his hands behind his back, Calcraft was walking briskly up and down,

waiting for his prey and looking up cheerfully at the bright sun that shines on innocent and guilty alike.

He had tested the new gallows and found it satisfactory. It stood in a space like a large room. At one end was a platform, with a barrier. The platform was for the press. Across the space and raised against a wall was the gallows itself. And the condemned man could step out on to the gallows from the prison corridors from a door behind. People looking out from the prison on to the courtyard saw a warder approach Calcraft. He turned quickly, and, taking up a small weather-stained hand-bag, in which he carried the implements for his ghastly trade, the hangman and the warder crossed the yard and went to the condemned cell. At the same time those who had "permits" to witness the execution were notified to proceed to the gallery allotted to them.

When Calcraft entered Mackay's cell the condemned man was lying back in a big easy-chair. He could hardly speak. A doctor was feeling his pulse, and a hospital attendant was holding a bottle of salts to his nostrils. He was lifted up and firmly held while Calcraft pinioned his arms. Then a strong dose of brandy was held to his mouth. He swallowed it greedily. Held up on both sides, he was dragged out of the cell and along the corridors, his legs trailing as if paralysed behind him. His head drooped on his neck, and the spittle dribbled from his mouth. He was half dead already. Perhaps those who had to witness his execution took some consolation from the thought.

Before the door leading to the gallows was opened, he was given more brandy, and encouraged to be a man. He conquered his cowardice a little, but a look of utter misery was still on his face. Held up under the gallows, Calcraft opened his bag again and strapped his legs together. Then he put the rope round his neck and covered his face with the white cap. It was all done quickly and silently. Warning the warders to keep clear of the "drop," Calcraft went to one side. He pulled the lever. There was no dulness or thud when the "drop" fell. Only a sharp, metallic clash. The body of the struggling man, half swinging round, formed almost a circle in its revolution, and then came slowly back again. The fall had been too short. Mackay was more keenly alive for the next few moments than he had been for several hours before in his cell. His sufferings were terrible. His legs struggled convulsively, his protruding tongue could be seen through the gauze cap, his throat-gurglings were audible across the yard, he clenched his nails into his hands, and he wriggled and twisted like a cat.

To help him to die, Calcraft threw his weight upon his shoulders and tried to snap his neck. He helped the poor wretch a little. Gradually he became unconscious and succumbed. Then the officials and journalists were called over from the balcony on which they had stood as unwilling and horrified spectators. They satisfied themselves that he was dead. His hands had turned blue, his neck was horribly swollen, and there was a suggestive discolouration behind his left ear, where the knot of the halter had gripped him.

And that was all that Alexander Arthur Mackay gained by the murder of Mrs. Grossmith.

An Unlucky but Merited Rebuke.

Lord Brougham had a habit of writing letters whilst sitting on the bench and supposed to be listening to arguments from the bar. He was not at all particular as to who saw him, and, without any or the slightest attempt at concealment, would, many times in the course of a morning, openly receive letters on the bench, read them, and write, seal, and despatch answers, in the meantime listening to the counsel and asking them questions. This habit was very annoying to that very able though short-tempered counsel, Sir Edward Sugden, who once tried to correct it, but was most unlucky on the particular occasion which he took and the means he took for the purpose. As a most emphatic and effectual intimation of his displeasure, he suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence whilst the chancellor was writing. After a long pause, the chancellor, without raising his eyes from the paper on which he was writing, said, "Go on, Sir Edward; I am listening to you." Sugden replied, "I observe that your lordship is engaged in writing, and not favouring me with your attention." Lord Brougham looked up indignantly, and retorted, "I am signing papers of mere form. You may as well say that I am not to blow my nose or take snuff while you speak." Sir Edward sat down in a temper; but on this occasion he was ridiculed, whilst the chancellor was applauded.

THE EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF Robert Alexander Burton.

He committed a horrible murder with no motive but a morbid longing to be hanged!

"Hath he eaten of the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner."
—SHAKESPEARE, "Macbeth."

THERE are cravings of the human mind for which no philosophy can account. To some men death seems sweeter than life, and they long to die, though they shrink from cutting with their own hands the tie that binds them to existence. But never, so far as I am aware, has the craving for death taken a more morbid, a more ghastly, and a more unaccountable shape than in the case of Robert Alexander Burton, who had such a yearning to die on the gallows that he perpetrated a cold-blooded murder with no other object than to experience the sensation of being hanged. Most men, even the most hardened malefactors, shrink with horror from the idea of a felon's death upon the scaffold. To avoid such a horrible and ignominious end many convicted criminals have committed suicide, and many more would have done so had it been possible thus to forestall the executioner. But here was a youth who actually courted death by the hangman's rope, who was fascinated by the idea of thus making his exit from the world—had dreamed of it and brooded over it until he could no longer resist the temptation to do that which should satisfy his unholy craving and realise his unnatural desire. A madman, surely, you will say. No sane and healthy mind could harbour such a hideous desire. But "old Father Antic the Law" thought otherwise, and pronounced this ghoulish creature, this morbid monomaniac, to be as much responsible for his actions as you or I. But let me, without further preface, tell the story of this unprecedented crime, which had, I think, no parallel in criminal records, either for the abnormal motive that prompted it or the unjust and illogical punishment meted out to the perpetrator.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, July 23, 1862, the body of a boy about nine years of age, was discovered in one of the fields adjoining Chatham Lines under circumstances which left no doubt that the deceased had been barbarously murdered. The place where the body was found was near an accumulation of chalk and bricks forming the air-shaft of the tunnel of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, passing beneath the Chatham Lines. The discovery was immediately reported to the police, and the body was removed to the Napier Arms Tavern, Brompton, where, upon its being medically examined, a deep wound was found in the throat, extending from the right side and completely severing the windpipe. There were also bruises about the face and other parts of the body, administered, no doubt, by the same person who had inflicted the wound in the throat. The front part of the shirt and the remainder of the clothes worn by the deceased were covered with blood, leading to the impression that the poor child had struggled with his assailant, as, indeed the marks on the ground near the spot where the body was found plainly indicated.

Immediately after the body had been discovered a jury

was empanelled by the district coroner. The first question to be decided was that of identity. Some merely formal evidence proved that the body was that of Thomas Frederick Houghton, who had lived with his parents at Alma Terrace, High Street, Chatham. Evidence as to the finding of the body was then taken, after which the inquiry was adjourned for a week to enable the police to make the necessary inquiries that might lead to the capture of the person or persons implicated in the murder.

At a late hour of the night following, that is to say, on the Thursday night, a young man, who stated his name to be Robert Alexander Burton, accosted Police-constable Hibbert, 469, who was on duty at Chatham, and informed that officer that he wished to give himself up as the murderer of the boy whose body was discovered the previous afternoon. On the police-constable questioning the man he stated that he had committed the murder in order that he might be hanged, as he was tired of life. He was then taken before Superintendent Everitt, when he repeated the same words that he had used to the police-constable and informed the superintendent that he wished to tell him how the murder was committed.

said he only gave one cut on the throat, and denied doing anything else. The boy, after receiving the wound in his throat, struggled very much and seized the murderer's hands. But he shook him off, and, as he did not "die quick enough," he knelt on the child and pressed both hands tightly around his throat until the blood flowed from his eyes and nose, and he was dead.

In reply to Superintendent Everitt, the accused stated that the murder was committed shortly after two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, and that while he was struggling with the deceased he saw two men in Mr. Gilbert's field, in which the murder was committed, but believed they did not see him. After the murder he proceeded across the Lines, when he met a gentleman dressed in black coming towards him, and, fearing that he might see his hands, which were covered with blood, he hastily thrust them into the pockets of his trousers. Before leaving the body he had wiped off as much of the blood from his hands as he possibly could on the front part of the shirt worn by the boy. He then went to the military bathing pond, in which he washed the blood off his hands, face and clothes, and also cleansed the blood from the knife. He afterwards went into the town,

THE BODY OF A BOY WAS DISCOVERED.

After receiving the usual caution the accused voluntarily made the following extraordinary statement:

He said he was weary of his life, and he, therefore, determined to kill someone. He did not care a jot who it might be—one person would answer his purpose as well as another, because he was anxious to be hanged. In walking through the street he met the deceased boy with his mother, when he at once resolved in his mind that the poor child should be his victim. After following them for some distance he saw the mother go into her house, after giving the deceased leave to play on the Lines. This was about two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. He then followed the deceased to the place where the body was discovered, and, thinking that was a favourable place for carrying his intention into effect, he went up to the unfortunate child, and after accosting him knocked him down and dragged him a short distance. The deceased, he stated, struggled very much, and made every effort to free himself. But he succeeded in getting his knife from his pocket, and with it he cut the boy's throat, severing the windpipe.

The accused, in answer to the superintendent's remark that there were several bruises about the face of the deceased, and the same night hid the knife in the water-closet of a house at the rear of the Dark Sun public-house, High Street, Chatham.

On the day after his voluntary surrender and confession the prisoner was brought before the magistrates and charged with the wilful murder of Thomas Frederick Houghton. When he stood in the dock Burton looked as little like a murderer as any person in the court. His face was a pleasant one, with a singularly mild expression. In figure he was short and slight, and his appearance was that of a mere boy; indeed, you would not have guessed him to be more than sixteen, though his age was given as eighteen. He was by trade a carpenter, and was considered a clever and skilful workman. He didn't appear to realise the solemnity of his position or the terrible nature of the charge brought against him, for he gazed round him with an air of perfect indifference, and when, after the charge had been read over to him by the clerk of the court, he was asked if he had any reason to offer why he should not be remanded, he replied coolly:

"I would much rather have the matter settled to-day."

Remanded, however, he was. When he was led out to

the prison van he was assailed with cries of execration from the crowd outside, mostly composed of women, who shook their fists at him and screamed, "Oh! the bloody, murderin' villain!—to kill a poor innocent child! Let's get at him and tear the eyes out of him!" But all these yells and howls of bloodthirsty rage had no effect upon the prisoner. He simply turned to the warder and remarked quite calmly, "I'd as soon treat some of those women as I treated the boy. It would be a good riddance to clear some of them off with a knife!"

Five days later Burton was again brought before the magistrates, and, after hearing all the evidence the police were able to produce, the magistrates committed the prisoner for trial on the capital charge. All through the proceedings Burton maintained the same stolid demeanour, as if he were not the least interested in what was going on around him, except when now and then he interrupted some witness with a sharp contradiction.

The trial came on at the Maidstone Winter Assizes, before Mr. Justice Byles. Mr. Ribton, Burton's counsel, succeeded in obtaining a postponement till the Spring Assizes, in order to obtain evidence as to the state of the prisoner's mind.

On the 18th of March, 1863, six months after the murder, Robert Alexander Burton was once more placed at the bar and called upon to plead. Without a moment's hesitation, he said, "I plead guilty, my lord."

The Clerk of Assize, thinking that perhaps he did not clearly understand the nature of the charge, explained to him that he was charged with wilfully and maliciously murdering the boy Thomas Frederick Houghton.

"Yes," said Burton calmly, "I quite understand the nature of the charge, and I wish to plead guilty."

Whereupon the judge gravely interposed: "Let the prisoner understand that the plea of 'Not guilty' does not mean a denial that he might be guilty of the act. The effect of that plea is no more than a declaration that he desires to be put upon his trial. I warn the prisoner that the plea of 'Guilty' will have no effect whatever upon the Court in averting the sentence of the law, and I advise him therefore to retract that plea and plead 'Not guilty.'"

The prisoner, who had listened to these emphatic words with earnest attention and apparent intelligence, at once acceded to the suggestion, pleaded "Not guilty," and the case proceeded.

Mr. Barrow, the leading counsel for the prosecution, in stating the case to the jury, said with reference to the defence on the ground of insanity, which he understood was to be set up, he must remind the jury that every man was presumed to be sane until the contrary was proved, and that so far as he could see in the circumstances of the case itself there was nothing to indicate the presence of insanity in the mind of the prisoner. On the contrary, he gave the most clear and sensible and circumstantial account, not only of the manner in which he had committed the act, but of the feelings under which he had done it. Counsel then put forward all the evidence in proof of the prisoner's guilt, including his own confession.

For the defence Mr. Ribston contended that the mere fact that the prisoner committed the crime with no other motive than a desire to be hanged proved that he was insane, and he implored the jury with impassioned eloquence not to send to the gallows the victim of a distempered fancy and a disordered mind.

Apart from the extraordinary motive, the evidence adduced to prove the prisoner's insanity was not very conclusive, and pointed more to eccentricity than madness. "He had a very vacant look and no set purpose," said one witness. "He ran away and tried to enlist," said another. "He was flighty and had strange ways. I have known him eat a piece of soap and bite a candle," deposed a third. A fourth told a horrible story of the prisoner's killing a cat, making it into a pie, baking it in an oven and eating it. But in this gruesome banquet he was assisted by other boys.

The only really important evidence was that of a surgeon practising at Chatham, who stated that he had long attended the prisoner's family. On two occasions he had sent the prisoner's mother to a lunatic asylum. She was low and desponding and attempted suicide. The prisoner's brother, too, was of a weak intellect. He was peculiar-looking and was dissipated. On two occasions he had attended the prisoner himself for ailments attended with mental aberration. "I believe," concluded the witness, "he is labouring under what in the profession is called 'moral insanity'—that is, that he knows perfectly well what he is doing, but has no control over himself."

This evidence clearly pointed to hereditary insanity, but it failed to convince the jury, who, on being directed by the judge that the question they had to decide was whether the prisoner was incapable of knowing that what he did was wrong, found that he was capable of such knowledge, and being, therefore, a sane person, was guilty of wilful murder. The judge addressed some weighty and impressive words to the prisoner, and then passed sentence of death.

Burton, who had listened to the judge's address throughout with serious attention, assumed at the close the air of callous indifference which seemed habitual to him. When the words of doom had been pronounced there was dead silence in court, and all eyes were fixed upon the condemned murderer. During this hushed and awful pause a smile gradually spread over the features of the prisoner; with that smile still on his face, he turned to the judge and said lightly and cheerfully:

"Thank you, my lord!" then bowed to his lordship, and walked quickly out of the dock, followed by an audible murmur of horror from the spectators, who were shocked at such a display of levity from a man on whom the shadow of death had already fallen

On the 11th of the following month (April) Robert Alexander Burton's gruesome and incomprehensible craving was gratified. He was hanged outside Maidstone Gaol. He looked up at the gallows with a smile, the sight of the cross-beam and the dangling rope appeared to afford him genuine pleasure; he nodded familiarly to the hangman as to a personal friend, and stepped as gaily on the drop as if he had been an actor coming on the stage to receive the plaudits of an audience with which he knew himself to be a favourite.

A few months later, when George Victor Townley was reprieved, with his death-sentence commuted to penal servitude for life, on the ground of insanity, the case of Robert Alexander Burton was remembered and his fate contrasted with that of the more aristocratic murderer, for whom money and influence procured escape from the gallows. If Townley were justly respited, then Burton was unjustly hanged; for the evidence in proof of the insanity of the latter was undoubtedly far stronger than that in proof of the insanity of the former. The extraordinary, unnatural and unprecedented motive alleged by Burton as the reason for his crime was of itself enough to show that his mental faculties were distorted. The murder he committed was meaningless and purposeless on any other theory than the insane motive given by himself. It was shown that his mother had been twice confined in a lunatic asylum and was subject to suicidal mania, and that his only brother was of weak intellect. Yet, because the man knew what he was doing and what the punishment of his crime would be, it was held that he was legally sane and responsible for his actions! The law did not then recognise what the medical profession term "moral insanity," a form of mental disease which was brought prominently before the public in the long and excited discussion raised by the Home Secretary's action in reprieving Townley. The greatest experts in mental disease held that Townley was "morally insane," and had they been consulted in Burton's case they would certainly have arrived at a similar conclusion, and the wretched monomaniac would have escaped the gallows. If insanity be deemed sufficient reason for exempting a criminal from the responsibility of his acts, then surely Robert Alexander Burton was entitled to that exemption, for never did human being commit murder with a more insane motive. As it was, the law deliberately gratified the murderer's dearest wish, and, instead of punishing him, gave him the very reward he coveted—the avowed object of his crime.

Payment in Kind.

A POOR man in Dublin, who was very hungry, went into a cookshop and sat down, telling the waiter that he was waiting for a friend. He stayed a long time, while the meat was being dished up, and was at last told by the proprietor that he could not be allowed to wait for his friend any longer. "All right," was the reply; "I was very hungry, but now I feel that my stomach has been quite satisfied with the very excellent smell which your meat has given out, and so I will wish you good day." The angry owner of the cookshop thereupon demanded payment for the dinner, which the poor man denied having taken. The argument grew somewhat warm, and they eventually agreed to refer the question to the arbitration of the next man that should pass by. This happened to be Mr. Curran, the eminent Irish lawyer, and after the case had been stated on both sides the arbitrator demanded that the poor man's money should be put between two empty plates, and the cook should be paid with the jingling of the coins, a decision which was admitted to be both fair and sensible.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG GIRL'S CRIME ON FINDING HER LOVER UNFAITHFUL.

Love and the Child.

"One struggle more and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain."
—BYRON.

IN one of the prettiest and most rustic Parisian suburbs there lived in the early years of the nineteenth century Charlotte Cauchois, with her aged grandmother. The girl was an orphan; both her parents had died whilst she was still subject to the rule of the nursery, and her one remaining relation in the world was the old half-blind woman with whom she lived

The Cauchois were poor but contented with their lot, had never experienced luxury, so never desired it; indeed, Charlotte was happier in her humble circumstances than many of the fine ladies who adorned the Court of Charles the Tenth. She had nothing to fear from revolutions or the whims of a people; obscurity exempted her from fine feathers and the guillotine, and with obscurity she was perfectly content. She was a slim girl, about the middle height, golden-haired, with dark violet eyes, full of a child's wonder; pale complexioned, with cheeks tinted like the blossoms of a musk rose, and rather a large, expressive mouth.

She carried with her a pretty air of shyness, suggestive of childhood, which was very winning, and calculated in its timid sincerity to disarm all who might possible meditate harm against her beauty.

She was girlhood and innocence personified; fawn-like, timid, playful, and confiding, with a face made out of may blossoms, and a heart that throbbed with a child's love for anybody who was kind to her. Such a girl, with no natural guardians saving an aged and partially bed-ridden grandmother, was likely, you think, to fall a victim in such a city as Paris to the snares and machinations of lust, masked as "gallantry" or love?

Yes, such a girl could not exist without danger, and, unfortunately, the only safeguard from the unruly passions which her young beauty excited in the minds and bosoms of the men she met was denied her.

We mean that she had been reared in atheism, that great and fascinating liberty of thought which denies the priest and accepts vice in any form, provided it be labelled with a novel name. Her father had been an active participator in the great Revolution, when men worshipped reason and justice, and were so devout in their religious duties that they entirely forgot morality, and held nothing sacred but the right of man to steal his neighbour's goods and seduce his daughter. All this, of course, is very right and proper in free-thinking circles; we admire those persons who have the courage to act up to their convictions, but, alas! for our little Charlotte, the heritage of shame and infamy which her parents (in common with their compatriots) had sown so plentifully descended in part unto her. She thought freely, and acted upon her thoughts. The result is the following tragedy.

In the late autumn of 1837, Charlotte was introduced to a young man of the name of Langhune.

Langhune was typical of his age and people; he regarded God as a fossil, and considered he had every right to give free vent to his inclinations and passions, no matter at whose expense. He was handsome, gallant in his bearing, and not devoid of grace and charm. He was attracted by Charlotte's beauty, her simplicity, and childishness; besides, purity was scarce in the enlightened circles of his acquaintanceship, and novelty meant allurement.

He said he was in love, but he had said this so many times that we must be pardoned for doubting his word.

After he had met Charlotte on several occasions, he found that he could not win her with the free and easy methods which had always proved so successful in his former "affairs" of the heart. So Langhune cultivated intensity.

As for little Charlotte, she had all the intensity of the child, but Langhune did not learn this for some time.

"Grandmamma," said she, one evening, "were you ever in love?"

"In love? Most certainly. I married."

"That is the same thing?"

"It was in my day, but now—ah! everything is different."

"Should I be doing wrong if I loved somebody?"

"Everybody loves. Who is the man?"

"He is very handsome."

"Of course. What is his name?"

"Louis—Louis Langhune."

"Ah! has he kissed you yet?"

"Oh, grandmamma, no!—well, that is—only my hand."

"How long have you known him?"

"Three days."

"He is very slow. I think he must be a fool."

"Oh, he's not—he is most clever."

"Are you sure you love him?"

"Certain. My heart goes so funny when I meet him."

"You must not let him know."

"Why?"

"It is wiser. I have had experience. I know what I say. But what of Marmont?"

"Oh, he—I can't bear him!"

"He loves you."

"I know. But what of that? I hate him!"

Grandmamma Cauchois said no more; she took snuff and fell asleep.

That evening Langhune came tapping at the door. Charlotte went out on tip-toe, with her finger to her lip.

"Hush, grandmamma is asleep," said she.

"Will you walk a little way?"

"Yes, I have my hat."

"You expected me then?"

"Certainly!"

Langhune smiled and took her arm.

They walked through the twilight, passed trees russet and golden; dead leaves were scattered everywhere. A red moon hung in the heavens.

"Why do you not kiss me?" suddenly said Charlotte.

"Do you want me to?"

"I think you don't love me."

"Do you want my love?"

"Yes, yes, I do!"

"Do you love me?"

"No."

"That is funny, little one!"

Langhune glided his arms round her and pressed her to him. He felt her tremble and her heart thumping like a drum. He put his lips to hers, at first very gently. Charlotte threw her arms round his neck, and her eyes glistened with tears.

"Oh, love!" said she.

He held her close to him, and did not release her until her face was rosy with kisses.

"Why did you say you did not love me?"

"Why? Grandmamma told me to."

"Ah! grandmamma is silly! She has grown old."

"Yes, very old, and we—we are so young."

So young! Alas! so young! What but youth could have prompted the folly of that night, the madness of loving and being loved?

Afterwards the two met constantly, were always in each other's company, and in the case of Charlotte, suffered dejection and ennui when momentarily exiled from the other's breast.

The neighbours took little notice of all this love-making; it was the way of young people. Only Alfred Marmont viewed it with misgivings; and he was prejudiced, for he openly owned to loving Charlotte himself. He was a dull, ill-favoured-looking fellow, in no way calculated to inspire affection, and all his prognostications of evil to come were viewed with humorous contempt

"Charlotte," said he one day, "are you betrothed to this Langhune?"

"What do you mean? I have never thought of such a thing."

"Then you are not engaged?"

"We love each other."

"Ah, you are mad! He will play you false."

"Don't talk like that, or I shall detest you."

"I don't care; I will speak."

"You are jealous."

Marmont smiled gloomily.

"Nonsense! I have long ago given up any thought of myself. I can never win you, I know that. But I love you still. Have you no pity for love?"

Charlotte did not answer. She had never given Marmont a thought of pity; she was very much in love, and very selfish.

"I—I am sorry."

"Thank you. I speak for your welfare. Marry—marry, if you must have this man."

Charlotte repeated all this conversation to her lover, Langhune, the next time they were together.

"Marmont is a fool; I shall thrash him if he does not hold his tongue."

"Oh, no! I am sorry for him."

"Has he kissed you yet?"

"Why does he not mind his own business?"

"He loves me."

"Pah! that for his love. I will not allow it."

"You love me so much?"

"So very much."

"You could not tire of me?"

"Oh, my darling!"

"I am wrong, I am wicked, my own, to have said such a thing. Forgive me."

Langhune granted her forgiveness, and their love resumed its undisturbed tenor. Unfortunately for Charlotte, her grandmother was partially blind. She did not observe the vast alteration which was taking place in the girl, she did not notice the new secret in the violet eyes, the ripening figure, the strange curve in the sensitive red mouth. No, she saw nothing and cared for nothing but snuff and weak gruel.

At last, however, matters which she could not or would not see were forced into her notice.

It was a winter's night, and the old woman sat half dozing in a high rocking-chair. Charlotte was by the fire in her nightgown, with her hair tumbling in golden splendour about her shoulders, warming her hands, which were chilled by the frost, before going to bed. She lay on a cushion, with her hands stretched out to catch the blaze.

"Grandmamma," she said presently, "are you asleep?"

The old woman opened her eyes.

"No, dearie, no."

"I want to speak to you."

"Yes, yes."

For a moment or so Charlotte did not speak.

"Grandmamma, do you know I am going to have a child," she said, looking up with a smile.

The old woman started half out of her chair.

"Mon Dieu! do you mean it?"

"Yes, I'm quite certain."

"Who—who is it?"

"Langhune, my love Langhune."

The girl rubbed her hands together and smiled into the fire. She seemed extraordinarily happy.

"He must marry you at once"

"What need is there?"

"Are you mad?"

"No, grandmamma. But where is the need?"

"You must marry"

"We love each other; that is enough. Good night, grandmamma, I am going to bed now. I thought you would like to know."

She came tripping over in her little white gown to kiss her grandmother. The old woman caught her by the wrists.

"Think of the child!" she cried.

"Yes—*our* child!"

"It will be a bastard unless you marry."

"It will be ours—our very own!"

The old woman began to rock herself to and fro, moaning in a cracked querulous voice.

"Mad! mad! A bad girl! And I am so helpless! What will it all end in?"

The next morning she made a great effort to demonstrate to Charlotte her unfortunate position and the necessity of marriage. The girl was blind and obdurate. Marriage was nothing—love was everything. She was certain about it, because Langhune had told her so.

The distracted old woman even thought of invoking the aid of a priest, but this was ridiculous. Charlotte had been carefully nurtured in the worship of reason and justice, which allows everybody to ruin themselves in their own particular fashion, and becomes wild with denunciatory rhetoric should any person strive to impede the liberty of enlightenment, which is a comprehensive term for all people who wish to attain the inconsequence of the brute.

However, in this case, there was no need for clap-trap and tub-thumping; the catastrophe of marriage, which might possibly have been brought about had the reason of Charlotte been submitted to the demoniacal machinations of clerical fiends, was happily averted, and the girl gave birth to a son one night in the autumn of 1838, whilst Langhune was toasting "Truth, Justice, and Equality" in a Paris café with a few choice spirits, who were all half intoxicated, whether by the compelling beauties of their creed or cheap wine it is hard to determine.

The girl suffered great pain; Langhune did not come to her, and medical aid was expensive and respectably exclusive where there was a lack of fees.

She lay for two days, tossing on a hard, narrow bed, between life and death. An old creature, drunken and dissolute in her talk, who had been coaxed into the service with a few sous, sat by her side and gave her a little water to drink now and again.

Grandmamma Cauchois was ashamed of the entire business, was irritated because her daughter did not wait upon her, and because Langhune had sent no money.

When Charlotte was delirious with fever, and the baby was mercifully near death, Marmont, who had been in Marseilles for some months past, returned. He brought with him enough money to insure civility, to conquer a physician's scrupulosity.

Slowly but surely the girl recovered, and in some miraculous fashion the infant survived its hazardous introduction into life.

Charlotte was engrossed with her baby, Langhune's child, and forgot all about Marmont, who had saved her life.

Langhune was never seen now in the neighbourhood—he was propagating the principles of reason and justice in other quarters—but Charlotte knew his address. This, however, she kept secret, because Marmont insisted that he had deceived her, and threatened to kill him. This, of course, she knew to be a mistake; unforeseen circumstances prevented Langhune from coming to her, but when she was

well again, and able to walk abroad, she would go to him, show him his child, and then they would love and be happier than ever.

Meanwhile she submitted in silence to the torrent of abuse which her grandmother and Marmont poured upon the name of Langhune.

She smiled quietly to herself whilst they vilified her loved one, thinking how surprised and dumbfounded they would be when her lover returned to her eager arms.

Alas! Langhune, shining apostle of all the enlightened principles of thought, had almost forgotten her existence. Charlotte was a pretty little fool; she would find another lover whom she would doubtless turn to greater profit; her child would grow up and work for her; everything had been arranged most satisfactorily. Meanwhile he was in love again.

At last Charlotte was able to leave her bed and walk.

She heard a little scream and a scuffle. A woman was lying in Langhune's arms. She was half extricated from his embrace when Charlotte entered.

Charlotte stood in the doorway like a woman turned to stone. Her face was absolutely bloodless and her eyes terrified.

"By heaven, Charlotte!" cried Langhune.

"Who is this woman, love?" said his companion.

"A moment. I will deal with her. Leave this house!"

Somehow in her trance of horror, Charlotte noticed everything minutely in the room: a pistol lay on the table.

Langhune rushed forward and struck her over the face. With a cry she fell against the wall. Langhune's mother, rushing in, created a momentary diversion. What did all this mean? Who was the strange woman with the bleeding lip? Charlotte saw her opportunity.

A CLOUD OF SMOKE AND THEN A GROAN.

After a time she felt strong enough for a little journey, and determined to go to Langhune. At the last moment she did not take her baby; the weather was cold, and she was afraid of a chill.

Langhune lived with his mother in a little cottage on the northern outskirts of Paris, so that Charlotte's journey was a matter of some miles. She could not afford a coach; in those days there was no cheaper mode of locomotion, and so she walked the entire distance.

She did not mind this; the thought of love's reunion gave her strength. How Langhune would rush forward, embrace her, hold her in his fine, strong arms, and cover her little face with kisses!

At last she reached the cottage. The door was half open.

Ah! she would give her lover a big surprise!

She pushed open the door and glided in. She found herself in a passage, with a room on each side. She looked into one room and saw an old woman fast asleep—Langhune's mother. She turned and quietly opened the door of the opposite apartment.

She sprang forward and seized the pistol, and levelled it at Langhune.

"Take care!" screamed his mother. A shot rang out, a little spurt of flame, and a cloud of smoke, and then a groan.

Langhune lay on the floor, blood running from his face, which was blackened and burnt by the powder. His hair flamed, frizzled, and left him hideously bald. The screams of the women brought a stream of neighbours to the house. All was shouting, hurry, and confusion. Where was Charlotte?

Flying through the Paris suburb, her hair blowing about her shoulders, her lip bleeding, her eyes fixed, mad and distracted, she flew like a whirlwind through the darkened streets; no one stopped her, few saw her, for, with the cunning of insanity, she avoided the most densely populated thoroughfares. She reached her home.

"Mon Dieu! What is the matter?" cried her grandmother.

"Nothing—nothing! My child! my child!"

"Your child is safe and asleep."

With a cry, the wretched girl snatched the infant from its bed, and sped into the night again.

Marmont saw her, and followed.

She ran swiftly down to the river's side. It was so dark that Marmont could not tell what she was doing. He heard a plunge and a scream. That was enough. He sprang into the river, and seized the drowning girl, with her baby clasped in her arms. Exerting all his strength, which was considerable, he dragged them to land. Then Charlotte seemed to recover her senses. She fought, kicked, and bit her rescuer. But he held her firm, until some people, attracted by the screams and the struggle, came to his assistance, and secured the frantic creature. The baby, half-dead with cold and frightened, was at once taken away.

"Oh, how I hate you!" said Charlotte to Marmont, as she was being led home. That night she was arrested for murder. She was tried soon afterwards, but her advocate convinced the jury that she had committed the crime whilst in a state of temporary lunacy. Accordingly, she was acquitted by a sentimental tribunal.

"Oh, heaven, why will they not let me die?" she cried.

"You wish to die?" said Marmont.

"Oh, yes! What have I now to live for?"

"Your child—his child."

She looked up, and then, for the first time, wept.

"The Jealous is possessed by a Fine Mad Devil."
LAVATER'S "Aphorisms of Man."

A Jealous Husband done to Death.

JOHN WILKINSON killed by his WIFE and her COUSIN.

"Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? Stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty)? . . . . . .
Why then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing."
—SHAKESPEARE, "The Winter's Tale."

IT is Saturday night in Sheffield, in the month of May, in the year of the Great Exhibition of 1851. The "blades" of the cutlery town of chimneys and smoke have had their week's end fill of beer, and are crowding out of the "pubs," most of them armed with stone jars and bottles, for they will need a "pick-me-up" and something to wash away the thirst they have prepared for themselves for the Sabbath morning.

They are a rough, noisy lot of uncultivated, hard-working fellows, that it would be difficult to match in any other town in the United Kingdom, but they earn good wages and spend their money freely at the week-end. Making their way homewards are two men, named John Wilkinson and Joseph Basset. The first-named is a horsekeeper, a sturdy man in the prime of life; his friend is a hatter, of less burly form and quieter mien. The men have been drinking together, but, curiously enough, neither is drunk.

Basset stops at the corner of the street where he resides, and asks his chum to "take a swig out of the bottle"; but, for a wonder, John Wilkinson declines.

"No, thanks, Joe. I don't know how it is, but I'm a bit homesick to-night, and meant to have been indoors an hour ago; for I shall be up and away early in the morning, as I have an important little matter to attend to," observes Wilkinson, in a tone that strikes his friend as being none too cheerful.

"All right, Jack, just as yer please. Good night, lad!" says Basset, and the two friends part, the horsekeeper making his way to Wilson Yard, a poor neighbourhood in a not too salubrious part of Sheffield. It is just upon half-past eleven when he stops at the door of his small house, which is ajar, rather an unusual occurrence. But there is a light in the parlour window, and he thinks that perhaps his missus has run out for something, or is gossiping with Mrs. Johnstone next door, and taking with her their Saturday night's "nips."

He is about to push the door open and enter, when he hears voices, and draws back with a start, turning pale and trembling in every limb as he cranes his neck forward to hear what is spoken.

The voices are familiar enough to him—one that of the wife of his bosom, and the other that of his lodger, William Battersly, who has been living with them for some time, and who is first cousin to Mrs. Wilkinson.

"Don't, Bill! D'yer; let me go, there's a dear! Jack'll be in directly. Let me go, I tell yer!" she says, in a not too persuasive tone, as she is evidently struggling playfully to get up from his knee.

"Not till you've given me another kiss, 'Liza. D—— Jack! I'm going to have another kiss. I——"

Bang goes the door back upon the wall, and John Wilkinson stands before the guilty couple. He is simply quivering with rage and there is a flash in his eyes that bodes harm. For a moment he is unable to find his voice. Then, closing the door and placing his back against it, he hisses out, rather than speaks: "So, so, you cursed scoundrel, I've trapped you at last, have I? And you, you —— ——, this is your little game, is it? I'll swing for you; by God, I will!"

Then, dashing forward, he takes up a knife from the table, which is laid for supper, and makes a rush at the terrified woman. It is all done so quickly that she scarcely has time to get out of his reach as he makes a slash at her with the carver. Again, uttering all the time the most fearful curses, he rushes at her, but she saves herself by throwing down a chair between them, and Bill Battersly, a powerful young fellow of twenty-two, pins him from behind.

There is a desperate struggle for the knife, which is first drawn through the hands of one of the wrestlers and then through the other's, and the blood spurts all over the table-cloth and food. Then, as quick as lightning, the woman takes up the poker, and strikes her husband a sharp blow over the wrist just as he is freeing the knife from Battersly's clutch, intending to plunge it into him.

With an exclamation of pain and a loud curse he drops it on the floor, and the two men close. The woman's lover is getting the worst of the struggle, which is desperate, the husband struggling like a fiend and in his madness proving himself the stronger of the two.

The very devil is in the woman by this time, and, standing behind her husband, she brings the poker down crash! crash! crash! upon the back of his head, and with a loud groan he falls with a thud upon the kitchen floor.

"My God! you've killed him!" says Battersly between his panting breath. "Run, quick, quick, for a doctor! Great God! What shall we do?"

But the woman stands as still as a marble statue and as pale. She scarcely realises yet what she has done. But as they look down upon the prostrate form of the man they see only too plainly a grey pallor steal over the face, and the eyes, that are fixed upon vacancy, slowly glaze. There is one short quivering of the body, and then the arms roll from his breast, where they had rested limply, to the floor, and he has ceased to live.

What the feelings of that man and woman must have been on that Sunday morning will never be known, but, as was discovered long after what transpired, we are able to relate. For some time they sat in silence, as if stupefied, and neither felt inclined or able to open the conversation. At length William Battersly said in a low tone, as if afraid the dead could hear him, "What is to be done? Something will have to be done, that's certain, and that quickly. Shall we make a bolt of it together? No, that will never do. We should be caught in twelve hours. Yes, I have it; we must play a desperate game for our lives. This is what I propose 'Liza. There is only one way out of it; we must make it appear that he has committed suicide out of jealousy. Let me think a few minutes."

And the poor fool turned over in his mind an idea which had flashed across his silly brain in his anxiety to extricate himself and the woman from their terrible position, and then he slowly unfolded it to the miserable woman, who was but then just coming to her senses. And this is what it was:

He suggested that the body should be dragged into the inner room and the blood wiped up in the kitchen; that he should draw a knife across the dead man's throat, and then place it in the hand, that was fast stiffening. That, the poor fool imagined, would deceive the police. Then he would change his blood-stained things and make off quietly, and go to his father's house at Belf, some sixteen miles away. She was to start out of the house and knock up a neighbour, telling her that her husband had had a desperate quarrel about him, and suspected that she had betrayed him. That he had threatened to kill her and himself, and that she had run upstairs and jumped out of the window. She was to leave the house without her boots, and in the morning somebody was as his legs would carry him. He was a brave man to leave the woman whom he professed to love there to face the terrible ordeal alone. But there was no love in their hearts now. There was no soliciting a kiss at parting, no fondling, no embracing. The blood of the murdered man had washed such tender sentiments from their hearts, and left them petrified.

At seven-thirty on that beautiful Sunday morning, in the month of May, Mrs. Wilkinson knocked at the door of her next neighbour, and was admitted

"Why, what ails you, Eliza? Why, you look as if you had risen from the grave! And where are your boots, too?" asked Mrs. Johnstone, looking greatly surprised at the appearance of her visitor.

And then the wretched woman told how she and her husband had quarrelled, and he had threatened to murder her and take his own life because he was jealous of Bill Battersly. He had locked the doors and taken away her boots, and in

ASKS HIS CHUM TO TAKE A SWIG OUT OF THE BOTTLE.

to go to the house at a very early hour, and ask for them of her little girl (for this wretched creature had a daughter about six years of age), when they would discover John Wilkinson with his throat cut, and think that he had taken his own life in the passion of his jealousy.

This seemed to these deluded wretches quite feasible, and they immediately commenced to prepare for the deception. The two of them dragged the corpse out, and the man, with Wilkinson's large clasp knife, which he took from his fob-pocket, cut the dead man's throat from ear to ear, and turned the body face downwards. Whilst the woman cleaned up the kitchen as well as her trembling hands could do, the man Battersly went up to the bedroom and took his shirt off and his stockings, which were saturated with blood. The latter he brought down to the kitchen and put them on the fire; the shirt he crammed into the bedroom cupboard, again, like a fool, thinking it would escape observation.

He was ready for the flight, and the woman, divesting herself of her boots, slipped out of the front door, and the man made his exit at the back and through the yard into the street, hastening away from the scene of the tragedy as fast

order to save herself she had gone upstairs and jumped out of window into the yard. For more than an hour she had tried to awaken Mrs. Johnstone so that she might ask for shelter, and had thrown up pebbles to her bedroom window; but, afraid to make too much noise, in case it might attract the attention of her husband, she had gone to Mrs. Lund's house and stayed there. She begged Mrs. Johnstone to go with her into her house next door, in case her husband had not gone to look after his horses, and get her boots.

This was agreed to, and the two women knocked at the door, which had been locked on the inside by Battersly before he made his way out at the back. After knocking some time the poor little daughter, who had slept during the whole of the night (ignorant of the fearful tragedy that had been enacted) came down and opened the door. In an instant the mother caught the child by the arm, and pulled her out into the street. Then, rushing into the inner room, she shrieked out, "Oh, my God! Mrs. Johnstone, come here quick! He's cut his throat!"

She had played her part admirably, and Mrs. Johnstone

drew her quietly from the room and tenderly did her best to console the widow who had been so suddenly bereaved.

The police were sent for, and they took possession of the premises. Constable Rogers and Inspector Attwood were not many minutes in the house before their suspicions of foul play were aroused, and, after interrogating the woman and inquiring as to the whereabouts of her lodger, they came to the conclusion that the man had been murdered, and had very little doubt as to who had committed the deed.

When Mr. Raynor, the chief-constable, came upon the scene with Constable Linley, they discovered certain things which satisfied them that it was no case of suicide, and that the jumping out of the window to save herself from the wrath of her husband was but a cock-and-bull story, for the flower-pots and a piece of detached lead were still on the sill, and the opening was only fifteen inches wide, with a twelve-foot drop into the yard. Upstairs they found the bloody shirt belonging to Battersly, and in the fireplace the half-burnt stockings covered with blood.

That was enough. A warrant was issued for the arrest of Eliza Wilkinson and William Battersly for the wilful murder of John Wilkinson, of Wilson Yard, on the night of the third of May.

The coroner's jury found them guilty, and they were both committed for trial at the York Assizes, which were held in the following July.

It will be needless for us to go through the details of that trial. It would be but a repetition of the facts that we have already related. Although all depended upon circumstantial evidence, it was pretty clear against them, for the doctor declared that the blows upon the head could not have been self-inflicted, and that the throat had, to the best of his belief, been cut after death.

Counsel for the defence urged that there was a total absence of evidence to fix the female with the terrible crime, and suggested that Battersly interfered between the husband and wife, and during a row and struggle deceased might have received the injuries.

The judge directed the jury that they must find whether the prisoners or either of them were guilty of taking the deceased's life. If they were of opinion that the male prisoner had done this alone, then they must say whether the female prisoner had assisted and abetted him. They must then consider whether the offence amounted to murder or manslaughter.

The jury, after a long consideration, returned a verdict of "Manslaughter" against both prisoners, and they were sentenced to penal servitude for life.

This was acknowledged to be a just sentence by the male prisoner, who gave details of the tragedy which we have been able to give our readers in the early portion of this description of one of the most terrible tragedies ever enacted in Sheffield, and which is remembered in all its horrors to this day.

No Witness Wanted.

A REMARKABLE decision is recorded of the Emperor Rudolph. A merchant complained that an innkeeper who had been intrusted with a bag of money would not return it, as he alleged that it had never been left with him, and the merchant had no receipt for it, nor had he a witness to prove that he had done so. The emperor, after having heard the story, sent for the innkeeper, whom he knew, and, affecting to be very friendly, said to him, "What a handsome cap you are wearing; pray let us exchange caps." The innkeeper was delighted at the proposition, and handed his Majesty his headgear. The emperor then sent off a private messenger to the innkeeper's wife with a pretended message from her husband that he wanted a certain bag of money to be sent to him by the messenger, as he had special occasion for it, and as a token his cap was sent with the bearer. The wife, seeing the cap, and suspecting nothing, delivered the money-bag to the messenger, who at once returned to the palace and handed it to the emperor, but in private, so that the innkeeper was not aware of the fact. Shortly afterwards, the two men, merchant and innkeeper, were called before the emperor, who said that the former had complained of a bag of money having been left with the innkeeper, and not returned to him; how was it? The latter said it was false, for he never had any transactions whatever with the merchant. Whereupon the bag was produced, and the emperor asked whose it was. The merchant, of course, claimed it eagerly as the one he had been cheated of, and the innkeeper was quite overwhelmed with shame and confusion, and stammered out a confession of his wrongdoing. The emperor at once became celebrated as a judge of Solomon-like wisdom.

MURDERERS' WEAPONS.

THE modern murderer, unlike the majority of his bloodthirsty predecessors, is nothing if not original. The ordinary methods of death-dealing appeal to his artistic sense in vain, and he looks for novel and extraordinary processes for taking life, be his motive plunder, revenge, jealousy, or what you will.

Very often they are imbued with a peculiar aversion to the sight of blood, and then they resort to the more ingenious methods of extermination, and invent fresh poisons with which to retard discovery and baffle modern medical science. These methods have already been so ably dealt with by a poison expert in our columns that I do not propose to enlarge upon them here. It is rather my object to allude to some bolder and more ferocious modes of attack, or to weapons which are usually put to the most commonplace and innocuous purposes.

Edgar Owen's implement with which he perpetrated the triple murder at the little grocery shop in Wyndham Road, Camberwell, was an ordinary object enough; but in the powerful hands of this determined miscreant it proved a fearful weapon indeed. Was ever a sash-weight put to such a sanguinary use before? The question is easily answered, for though Owen—or Edwards—may not have been aware of the fact, one of those necessary instruments has twice been used by notorious murderers whose deeds are written in the archives of French criminology. With a heavy sash-weight of the kind, Jacques Landor killed a man and his wife at a lonely farm near Rouen, in 1847, and suffered death for the deed the following year.

The ordinary, common fire-irons which adorn our grates were at one time quite fashionable amongst weapons, and it has been recorded by statisticians, who will make figures and records out of anything, that the poker has been more used for murderous weapons than any other instrument except the razor, which, as an expeditious means of getting rid of an enemy, has always been remarkably popular. The tongs and poker, all battered and bent, with which Gleeson Wilson assailed the unfortunate Henrichson family, in Levison Street, Liverpool—the year was 1849—are still preserved, and can be seen if inquired after at Kirkdale Gaol. So is the poker with which a tramp named Isaac Dunn murdered the man who had fed and sheltered him at a lonely farmhouse near Truro, in 1822, and it can be seen still, I believe, at Bodmin Gaol.

Miss Elizabeth Camp, a London barmaid, was done to death on the South Western Railway only a few years ago by means of a chemist's pestle and mortar, and the former instrument, it transpired, had previously been used by a notorious French murderer, who was guillotined at Paris in 1872, proving that even in the choice of murderous weapons there is nothing new under the sun. Similarly, a bootlace—used, in addition to another instrument, by Bennett, of Yarmouth infamy—has been selected both before and since by murderers with an affection for the strangulation method. The elaborate mechanism for taking life used by Michel Eyrand and Gabrielle Bompard—the last of whom described herself as being hypnotised into committing murder—was really original, and the merit (?) of its discovery belongs entirely to this precious pair.

The fat and oleaginous Manning—a sort of ignorant Count Fosco—recorded the fact that, since he "did not like O'Connor well," he battered his head in with a ripping-chisel, after the hospitable Maria Manning had done her share of the transaction by shooting the victim. The Black Museum at Scotland Yard possesses the chisel, and the ide-

tical pistol is on view at Tussaud's Exhibition in Baker Street, where Lefroy's revolver is generally an object of curiosity.

The woman—was it Miss Hacker?—whose remains were found some years after death in a disused coal cellar in the Euston Road, had been strangled by the process of tying a rope round her neck and throwing her over the staircase banisters. She was literally hanged. Unfortunately, no one was ever hanged for this enterprising deed, and the mystery has never been unravelled.

A miscreant with a somewhat original turn of mind has just been sentenced for a particularly brutal deed. Left alone with a baby for a few moments, he stifled the infant's cries by inserting two or three corks down the gullet of the throat, and death was ascribed to accident until the man's own confession revealed the truth.

Garcia, a Spanish sailor on tramp, murdered an entire family near Usk, in Wales, in the late seventies, and it was proved at the trial of this uncompromising alien that one of his victims at least had been killed with a flatiron, an instrument usually associated with washing-days. Thurtell—he was the sensational criminal of the year 1824—endeavoured to shoot his victim, Weare, after that gentleman had leapt from the trap which he was driving and run up the lane shrieking for help; but the pistol missed fire, and then this relentless murderer thrust the barrel of his weapon into the poor man's temple, and twice turned it round in his brain! Starvation—assisted largely by the brandy bottle—was the method of those principally concerned in the well-remembered "Penge Mystery," and it has been recorded that other husbands, wearying of their lawful spouses, have brought about their releases by similar inhuman means.

In the year 1814, a burglary and murder took place at Clapham, then quite a rural part, and considered quite a journey from the great Metropolis. A widow was discovered gagged, bound, and dead. She had been suffocated by means of a handkerchief and a lace cap being stuffed down her throat, doubtless with the object of stifling her screams, and both instruments of death were her own. Almost exactly similar were the circumstances of the still undiscovered crime at Blackheath a few years ago; but in the Clapham case, the miscreants were ultimately brought to justice.

But the celebrated French fiend—this "more than monster and much less than man," as "Le Temps" called him—Dumollard, out-Heroded Herod in respect to methods of murder. He lured little servant girls to his country den in a wood near Lyons, and with the assistance of his better-half, outraged, robbed, and murdered them. He admitted in open Court at his trial that "to save time" with one victim, who cried and struggled so energetically, he had buried her alive in a grave which he had dug for her body, and this revolting brute described how he stamped the animate body into the earth.

A Question of Moment.

LORD TENTERDEN, on the very last day he ever sat in court, was somewhat annoyed by a barrister who was wasting the time of the court by asking irrelevant questions, and, in order to rebuke him, Lord Tenterden said to him, in the most solemn and dignified manner, "Sir, you have forgotten to ask the witness the colour of the postilion's jacket." The same night he was taken dangerously ill, and in his delirium still dreamed of the trial, as he expired with these words on his lips: "Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict."

It Ruined the Lawyer.

LORD CHANCELLOR THURLOW often treated the barristers who pleaded before him with great rudeness, and his attitude towards the other branch of the profession—viz., the solicitors—was sometimes almost bordering on brutality, and awakened recollections of Jeffreys. A solicitor once had to prove a death before him, and, being told upon every statement he made, "Sir, that is no proof," at last exclaimed, much annoyed, "My lord, it is very hard that you will not believe me. I knew him well to his last hour; I saw him dead and in his coffin, my lord. He was my client, my lord." "Oh, why did you not tell me that before? I should not have doubted the fact for one moment, for I think that nothing can be more likely to kill the man than to have you for his attorney." This brutal jest, which was probably thought harmless by the author of it, is said to have ruined the reputation and the business of the unfortunate victim.

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DAINTY NOVELS
ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

A Kind Parent!

WILLIAM BROWN, a returned convict, aged thirty-three, was executed in front of the County Gaol at Leicester, at eight o'clock on the morning of July 25, 1856, for the brutal murder of two persons, Edward Woodcock and his little grandson, at the Thorpe Arnold tollgate, near Melton Mowbray.

The motive for this atrocious double crime was plunder and after the deed Brown attired himself in the clothes of the murdered man, and tramped to Wetherby, in Yorkshire, where he was apprehended.

The executioner in this case was Calcraft, and the dread ceremony was witnessed by an enormous crowd, who came from all parts, and in many cases by train from distant parts of the country. Strange to say, amongst the spectators at the window of the Turk's Head, opposite the gaol entrance, was the prisoner's father, whose extraordinary conduct in thus voluntarily appearing as the witness of his son's ignominious departure from the world was the subject of general reprobation.

Brown, so far as we are aware, never made any actual confession of his guilt, and, although he had arranged to address a few valedictory remarks to those persons in the crowd nearest to the scaffold, he seemed quite incapable of speech when he reached the dread engine of death. He was violently agitated, as could be seen by the incessant heavings of the chest, and once or twice he seized hold of Calcraft, as though unable to stand. Nevertheless, he died easily, and appeared to suffer very little pain.

A Triple Execution at Leicester.

ON April 28, 1829, no less than three men—convicted of the then heinous offence of horse-stealing—were hanged outside the County Gaol at Leicester, that huge, fortress-like building, which had then only been erected a few weeks.

The convicts were Joseph Varnum, John Hinton, and Jacob Forester, and their execution being fixed for Easter Monday, an enormous concourse of people was attracted to the new gaol, which at that time was considered quite "the" sight of the town. Each of the condemned men behaved very well, giving no trouble to the authorities and listening earnestly to the prayers and consolations of the Rev. Robert Burnaby, who was constant in his attendance upon them.

On entering the yard to have their irons knocked off they all walked with a firm step, though the countenance of each displayed much suffering and remorse. Varnum, on changing his prison dress, said that since he had been in prison he had become "weak as a cat." At about half-past ten they were pinioned by the executioner, and were shortly afterwards brought out to the scaffold. Hinton seemed to die without a struggle, and Forester's death appeared to be nearly as sudden and painless; but the body of Varnum was several times drawn up and distorted, and he convulsively clasped his hands after the fatal bolt was drawn. Close upon twenty thousand persons were present. The father of Varnum expired without an instant's warning on being informed of his son's fate, he having been kept in ignorance of his arrest and trial.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

T. K. Y.—1852 was the year in which Prado suffered on the guillotine.

XEREZ.—The Anarchist Golli was garotted in August, 1897, for the murder of the Spanish Premier.

ISAAC.—The man who committed a murder on account of a fishing dispute was John Webber, who was hanged at Cardiff in April, 1876.

S. P. C. C.—The Rev. Lindsley whipped his little son, aged 2½ years, to death because he would not say his prayers. The inhuman parent was hanged in July, 1866.

R. M. K.—You are right. The Chicago anarchists, who were hanged in November, 1837, died very hard. One of them, Engel by name, lived for fourteen minutes after the fall of the drop.

AYLESBURY.—Women are not released on the ordinary ticket of leave. They are granted licences, and are visited monthly instead of having to report themselves at a police station. By good conduct a woman can gain a remittance of nearly a third of her sentence, while a man must serve at least three quarters of his time.

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